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The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1624 MAR. 7, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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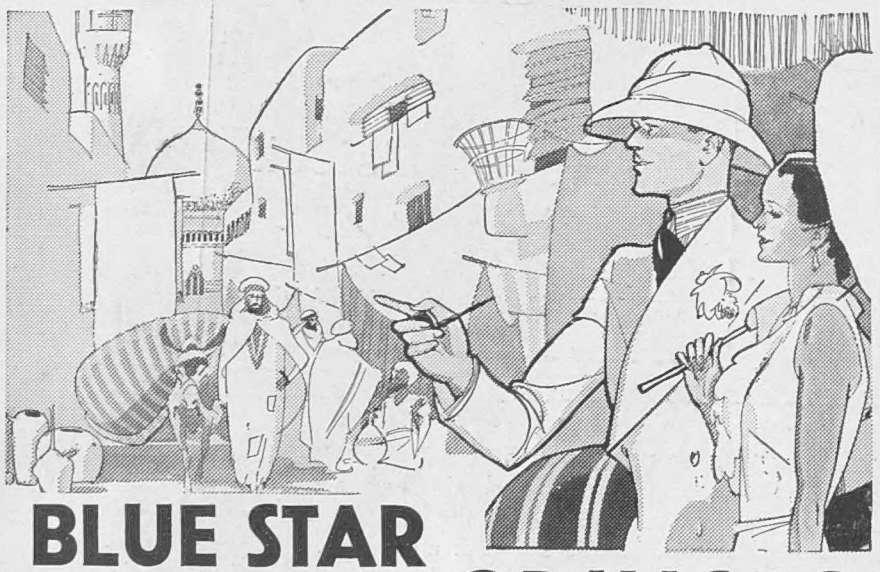

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

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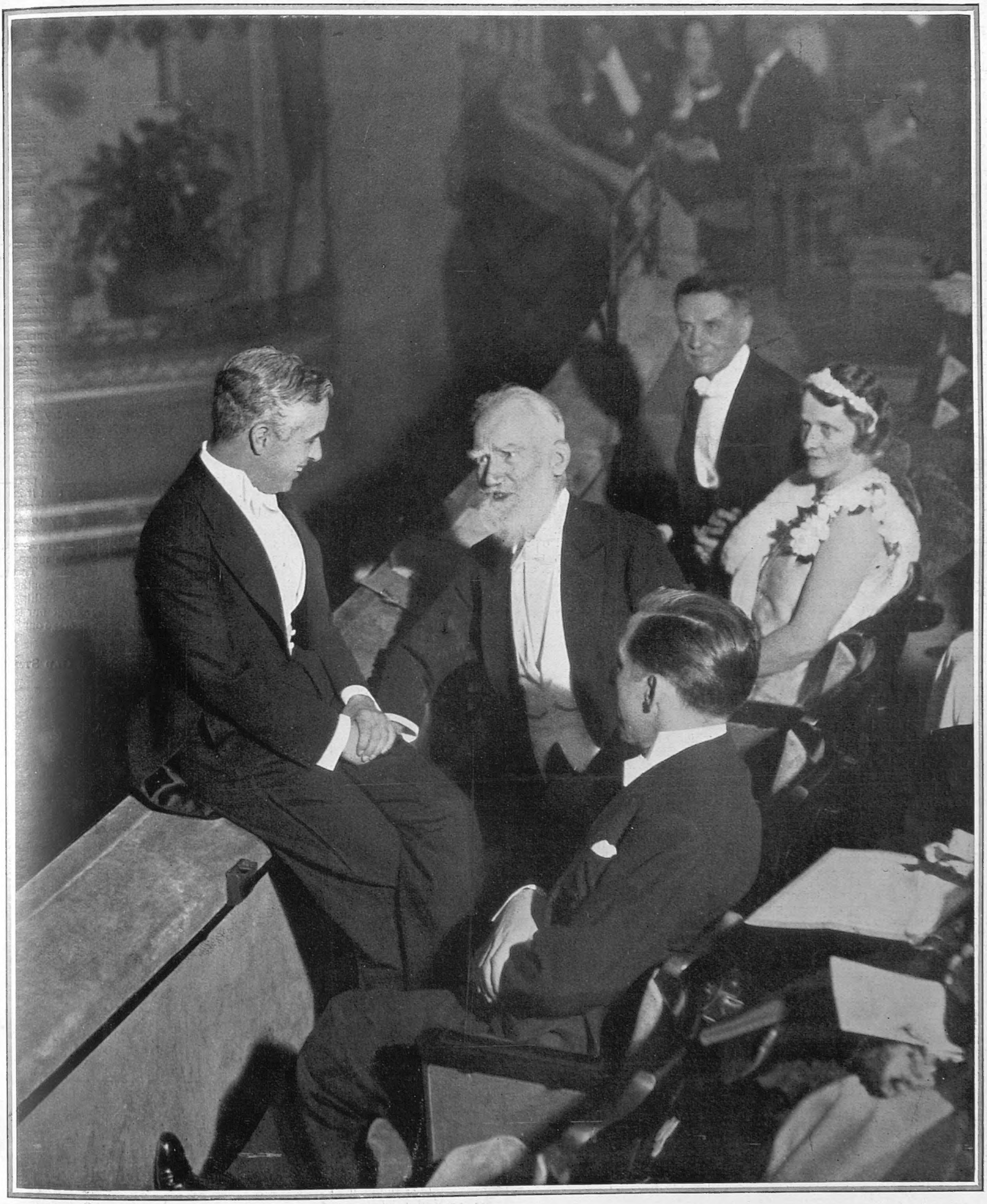
Volume CXXIV. No. 1624 Price One Shilling. Postage {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.} London, March 7, 1931



"MAN AND SUPERMAN"

Mr. Charles Chaplin, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Lord and Lady Astor at the Première of "City Lights"

The second visit of "the greatest Comedian in the world" (one such record held by Britain) to his "home town" has been even more of a triumphal progress than was his first. Entertained at Chequers by the Prime Minister, a guest of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Charles Chaplin has gone from strength to strength. The news is full of rumours of even higher honours yet to come. Above he is seen at his *première*—the first he has attended in London—chatting with Mr. Bernard Shaw, the "Grand Young Man of the Theatre," Lord Astor, Lady Astor, and Mr. Ralph Barton, his own guest and the cartoonist of *The New Yorker*. But one doubts whether the praise of the mighty—mighty of intellect as well as of position—counts as this tragi-comedian's greatest triumph. "The tumult and the shouting dies; the Captains and the Kings depart," but the spontaneous tribute of millions, unknown by name or reputation, unglimpsed even in swift passage through the streets, still re-echoes through the cinema theatres of the world in happy laughter; and, himself sprung from the ranks of the obscure, Charles Chaplin, who invests his broadest comedy with the touch of pathos, must, having given so much of happiness and precious laughter to so many, rest well content.

A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 4, 1931.

Too Late. — Last week the Government registered its fourth defeat on the Liberal amendment to the Trades Disputes Bill. But this gesture of political honesty by a handful of Liberals in committee came too late to save the life of Liberalism. On the weight of contempt and hatred which lies on Lloyd George Liberalism, contributed by all sections of opinion in the country, is now added the vindictive fury of trades unionism. The country is gasping for breath, the Government is as good as dead, its Trades Disputes Bill is as good as dead, Liberalism is falling to dust in a dishonoured grave. It is like the last scene in a Shakesperean drama. There are hardly enough characters left alive to bury the corpses. Indeed the only survivors—the Conservatives—are fighting a duel to the death in the charnel-house. It looks as if one of the spectators or a super from the wings must come forward and tidy up the stage. Perhaps that is why Sir Oswald Mosley threw up his part in the chorus and Mr. Churchill chucked the rôle of Ghost. Significantly, Mr. Shakespeare was one of the seven Liberals who produced the tragedy. Look upon this picture and on that! Mr. George—the superman of civilization, 1919, and Mr. George—the guiding star of Liberalism to-day.

Sir Oswald's Temperature.—When his temperature returned to normal Sir Oswald Mosley issued his manifesto. There is a curious feature about this year's 'flu; it carries you down to the depths of depression, but it also raises you for brief moments to dizzy, unclimable peaks. During my own bout I had a brief vision of myself as guest of honour at the Mansion House, and the Archbishop, or perhaps it was Lord Rothermere, thanking me in the name of Culture for my services to the Empire and British journalism. . . . And Sir Oswald, I feel, started tentatively with the idea of achieving fifty candidates for his new party at the next election, and the numbers rose with the quicksilver till the former stood at four times the figure of the thermometer. Has he chosen the psychological moment for his long planned venture? The time is ripe, but is Sir Oswald ripe enough? He has courage, imagination, determination; he has made the only political reputation achieved in this lamentable administration. It is no proof of vacillation that he has now tried every party and found all of them wanting. And, like Disraeli and a bare handful of politicians of the Quisante type, he has played an important part in shaping his own destinies. Of how few is this true! The ninety and nine are buffeted or elbowed right or left by circumstances, and if they rise are kicked upstairs by the senseless boot of Chance. Sir Oswald is at the helm of his own vessel, but has he set a northerly course too early in the Spring?

Stranger than Fiction.—When the inquest, opened on the body of young Ellis of Sidney Sussex, was adjourned, the cause of death was not definitely decided, but the accepted theory was suicide. Indeed, the only alternative was death by misadventure caused by the deceased's own and sole action. For the circumstances seemed to out the possibility of murder or interference or collusion with another person. On the assumption of suicide, here then is a case altogether beyond the limits of our present-day psychology; and we boast that we have put on the map all the territories of psychology. That a normal youth, outwardly happy, keen on his work, untroubled by love or money worries, could by slow and carefully thought-out stages, calmly and efficiently prepare his body for death by suffocation, neatly trussing himself up with rows of precisely aligned knots, in order to compass his own slow death and to provoke the theory of murder, is beyond an Englishman's comprehension. Such a state of mind is not in the medical dictionaries of this country. Surely, I argue, the boy was experimenting, actuated by some bizarre or macabre or merely sensational urge, and died by accident. But if it was a cold and calculated suicide, then at least let us realize—for such is my own experience—that the dangerous age of males is not infancy or schooldays or middle age or old age, but essentially undergraduate age. At no time in his life is a normal man more likely to cross the border line of morbidity and insanity than at nineteen or twenty. Little boys and schoolboys need not a small percentage of the watchfulness, sympathy, and close supervision which should be given by parents and tutors to striplings approaching manhood. I would not go back to the age of nineteen for all Golconda and a fifty-year extension of the term of my life. We know too little about the mental tragedies and macabre imaginings which may torment the souls of our outwardly "happy" and normal sons.

The Eighth Wonder of the World.—All of us who had the patience to wade through Mr. Pasley's *Al Capone*—one needed only time, a dictionary of Middle-West criminal slang, and a basin—know that the fantastic legend of the Chicago underworld is, after all, sober municipal fact. The second city in America—one of the big eight cities in civilization—is in truth ruled by a buffoon who is the puppet of a huge gang of Italian, Hebrew, and Dago murderers. As long as the chiefs of departments and bosses generally are bribed with what they consider suitable "insults"—there are slang terms for all grades of bribes from 10,000 dollars downwards—so long do the bootleggers and racketeers enjoy complete immunity. Is there any other country in the world which, having caught Capone, would let him out on bail? The illicit liquor trade is one of America's vital industries, the only one on earth which is not subject to trade depression or world slumps. The demand ever soars, supply pants after it in vain. This mighty industry has a score of satellites, sugar, malt, barley, and so on and, only a degree more remotely, gambling-dens, brothels, dance-halls. All of these great industries are monopolies farmed out by Scarface to his lieutenants, and the humblest satellite yields an annual income of a million dollars upward. Of this gigantic rake-off not more than 50 per cent. supplements the incomes of municipal officers, police, judges, city councillors, and so on; 20 per cent. covers the cost of arms, bodyguard, armoured cars, and private armies for the super criminals. The rest is clear profit. Life is short in Gangland but while it lasts all live like princes on their ill-gotten gains. Murderer and judge, pander and town councillor, crook and police superintendent. God's own country is the Eighth Wonder of the World.

England's Great Son.—It is quite certain that if a national vote were taken as to which of two British born public characters—Chaplin or the British Prime Minister—was the more highly valued in this country for his services to humanity, his usefulness to the State, the vote would go to Charlie Chaplin. And the verdict would be derogatory neither to Mr. MacDonald nor yet to the intelligence of the British public. Of two difficult jobs Mr. Chaplin has the luck to play the incomparably easier rôle, and the easier rôle is not necessarily less important. There are still some wisps of straw to be garnered for the bricks which Charlie makes, but Mr. MacDonald, having dropped a few bricks, has found no materials for replacing them. The value of laughter no psychologist can estimate. No nation is past praying for while it has the chance of laughing and crying at the same moment—and takes that chance. This chance occurs at the Dominion Theatre; but in the rival establishment at Westminster, you may cry or you may laugh, according to your temperament, but you cannot synchronize the two emotions. That is why no one would pay 24s. for a seat in the gallery at Westminster, but the whole nation struggles for the privilege when there is a chance to see *City Lights* and the Sun which generates them. We should not let Charlie go without tacking to his tail the letters C.H.—Companion of Honour, Contributor of Hilarity.

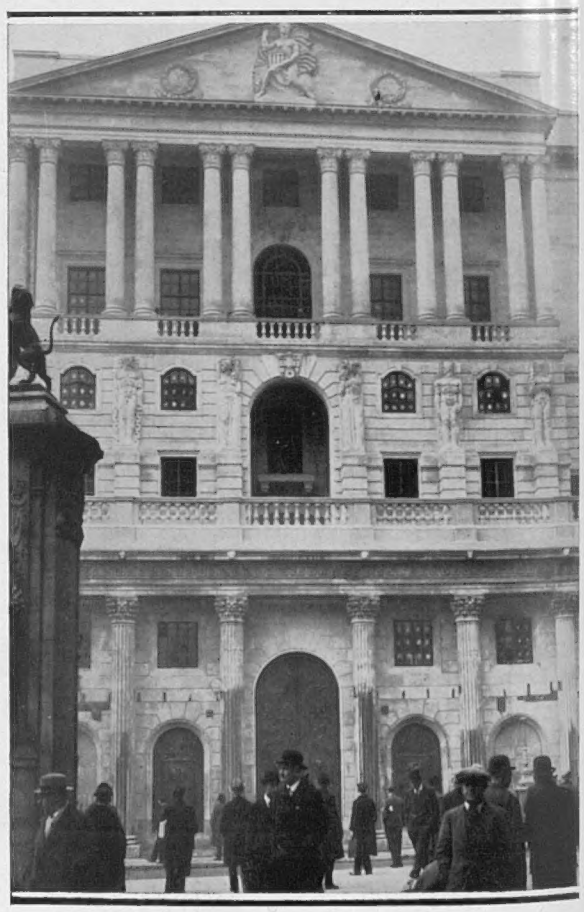
The Trump Card.—You remember the last sentences in Arnold Bennett's *The Card?* His fellow town councillors were considering the bestowal of a signal honour on the famous Denry. "But what cause is he identified with?" asked Stiggins. "With the great cause of cheering us all up." The man who can do that is a power and a power-house. To him is drawn every type of run-down battery. You perceive how the notables of London and the crowds in the street alike jostle one another to do him honour. The Prime Minister forsakes all for his company, Lady Astor collects the four leading lions of the hour for a little intimate party, he lunches with Sir Philip and dines with Winston. Fashion of course dictates that, to keep your head above water, you must visit Hollywood and be "snapped" in company with the film stars. That is indeed Hollywood's cross more often than her crown. But Charlie Chaplin's acquaintance is not sought because of his notoriety. For once in a way it is sought on his own merits. It so happens that this public man, this shy, successful man, is that *rara avis*, a good companion. His is the simplicity which often goes with genius, his the philosophic curiosity that makes conversation memorable and stimulating. His is the humanity which turns the water of life into wine, and salts laughter with the tears of things. He is interested in life. Hence his popularity with the crowds and the notables.

All Quiet on the Tonbridge Front.—Any day in the past year you could have read in the daily press a dozen indications that our country and the whole civilized world were passing through a time of unparalleled crisis; that life must be real and earnest as never before, while the British Empire and the English Constitution were in the melting pot, while one in every ten adult male workers was suffering the moral ruin that unemployment brings, while thrones were rocking, credit tottering, and all the pomps and boasts of civilization were threatened with the fate of Nineveh and Tyre. But the vision of the average Englishman does not extend beyond the village green. If civilization breaks down, he enjoys a pleasant "sensation" headlined in his morning paper; but if the village pump fails to function, here is tragedy brought nakedly home to him. Tonbridge, that pleasant suburb, we must suppose, has not allowed itself to be unduly disturbed by the world crisis. It has had more important affairs to think of. Its society has been rent in twain, its leading families divided, over the burning question of the selection committee's actions and motives in their choice of the local lawn tennis team. To elucidate these grave matters, the whole panoply of the Law was evoked at the Maidstone Assizes. And, Heaven knows, a man or woman is still entitled to clear himself or herself of imputations however trivial. But that in these critical times it should come to this . . .! Oh Tonbridge, oh provincial society, microcosm of human society! Fifteen — love! Was ever beautiful monosyllable so mauled, so distorted, so traduced.

Stragglers of '51.—When my father, suspecting a joke, "called the bluff" of Sir Arnold Wilson and accepted the invitation of the Executive Committee of the Persian Art Exhibition to the "survivors" of the great exhibition of '51, he said: "I expect them to provide nurses and beef tea and bath-chairs and to make a great fuss about me, since I shall be the solitary guest." My father is eighty-five and attended the exhibition of '51 with his nurse, one of those nursery days of ineffable fatigue which somehow make a deep imprint on memory, I took therefore a malicious pleasure in announcing to him that he would on the contrary be lost in the crowd of guests, ninety at least, and that he would be the "baby" of the children's party, his only excuse for a special petting. The average age of the party is likely to be about ninety years. In respect of two or three of the guests known to me I can say with my hand on my heart that I would gladly exchange the vigour of their brains and minds and memories for mine, and that I envy them the thick thatch on their heads, the efficiency of their eyes, and, most of all, the abiding quality of their beliefs and standards. I would gladly barter my own doubts and diffidence and disillusion for a measure of their calmness, courage, and consistency, and their belief in the immortal value of taking pains. And that is why I hope this party won't drift into a publicity stunt.

Lord Aberdare's Suggestions.—Lord Aberdare is entitled to claim authority for his opinions on almost every ball game but football and polo. He is still one of the most graceful batsmen of first class in cricket, and if he were quicker in the field and less preoccupied with more serious pursuits, he would, when in form, be among the choices for international cricket teams. Anyway, he has played enough county cricket and heard enough about county cricket on the field and in the committee-room at Lord's to justify the publication of his opinions on the present state of county cricket. The fixed boundary, which he proposes, is a new and a sound suggestion. A standard measurement for boundary means a shorter boundary, and short boundaries, by common consent, spell quicker and brighter cricket. A "first division" of the leading eight counties, which alone would compete for county cricket honours, must lead to the employment and discovery of young cricketers and new merit, and to giving a much needed rest to the veterans, at least among the lower division counties. Lord Aberdare doubts whether it is possible to legislate against "prepared" wickets and even suggests that it is dearth of bowling merit and not the excellence of the turf that gives mastery to the bat. Certain it is that all-the-year-round cricket—which in the past five years has done so much harm—tells more on the bowler than on the batsman. The recent tests with Australia and South Africa warn us that we need something more drastic than tinkering to put our national pavilion in order, and to stage our "comeback."

THE OLD STAGER.



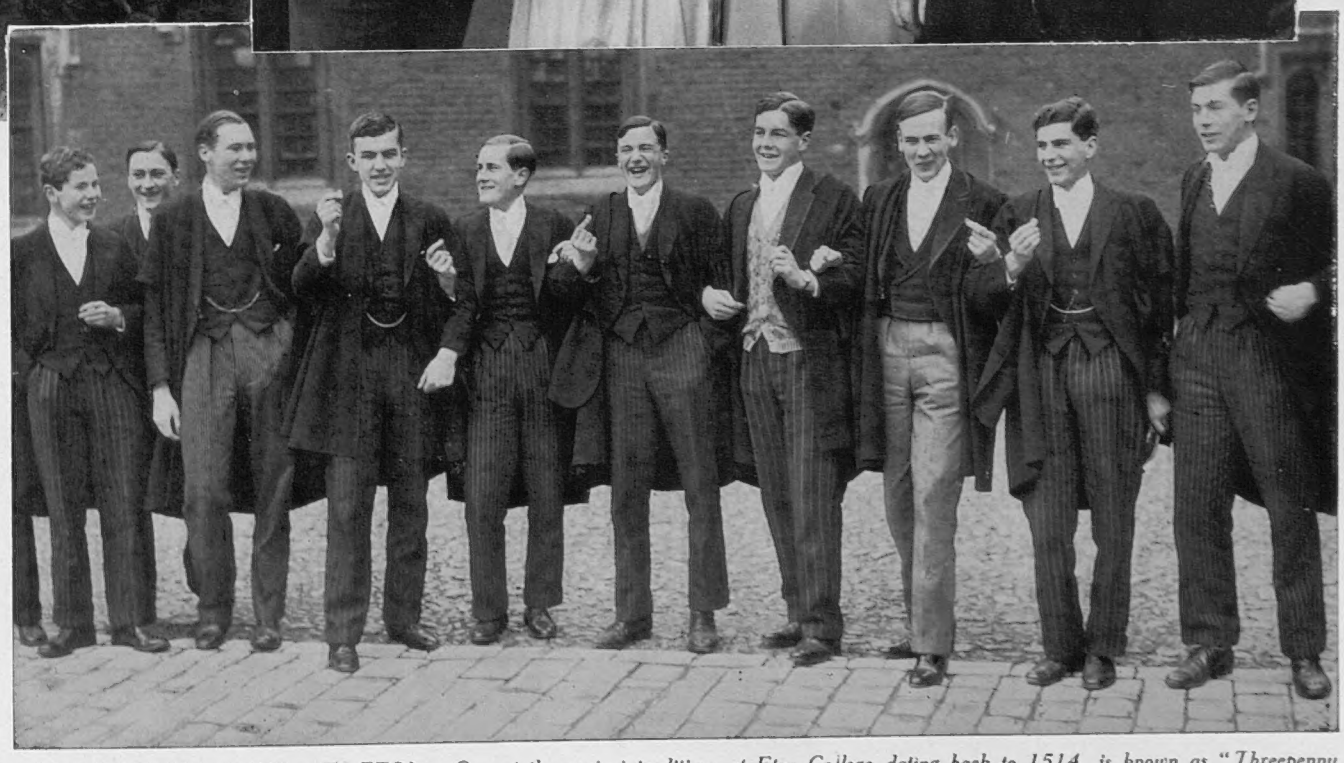
THE NEW FACE OF THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET: The removal of the hoardings outside the Bank of England revealed the imposing new exterior to the building. The statues, in the artistic mood of the moment, consist of six 10 feet figures, four male and two female, representing allegorically the guardians and bearers of wealth. Mr. Charles Wheeler, the sculptor, has spent three years in the designing and execution. Some of the work was done at 100 feet above the street

SOCIAL SIDELIGHTS

THE BISHOP OF COVENTRY: The Very Rev. M. G. Haigh, who has officiated as Private Chaplain to the King since 1929, was consecrated in his new office at St. Paul's last week

A ROYAL FAMILY GATHERING: The seventieth birthday of Prince Carl, brother to the King of Sweden, took place at Stockholm on Feb. 27. Prince Carl is seated between his daughters, the Crown Princesses of Norway and the Belgians. Behind stand the Crown Prince of Norway, Princess Carl, Prince Carl (Junior), Princess Axel of Denmark, and the Crown Prince of the Belgians

ROYALTY IN AN AMERICAN OFFICE: The Marquess of Milford Haven, second cousin to the King, is at present working in a business house in New York, to familiarise himself with U.S. conditions. Lord Milford Haven is seen above with Lady Milford Haven. On right: A WEDDING AT BECKENHAM: Miss Catriona Margaret Macquisten, the daughter of Mr. F. A. Macquisten, K.C., who has been M.P. for Argyllshire since 1924—the wit of the House—and Mrs. Macquisten, was married at Christ Church, Beckenham, to Mr. Frederick C. Armstrong. The bridal couple are seen with Mr. and Mrs. Macquisten



"THREEPENNY DAY" AT ETON: One of the ancient traditions of Eton College, dating back to 1514, is known as "Threepenny Day." On the death of Robert Rede, it was found that a sum of twopence had been left to each Colleger to say "obit" service for him. This sum was made up to threepence by Provost Lupton who left a provision to raise the amount to this figure. Dr. James, the present provost, presented the 70 collegers with new threepenny pieces this year

The PASSING SHOW

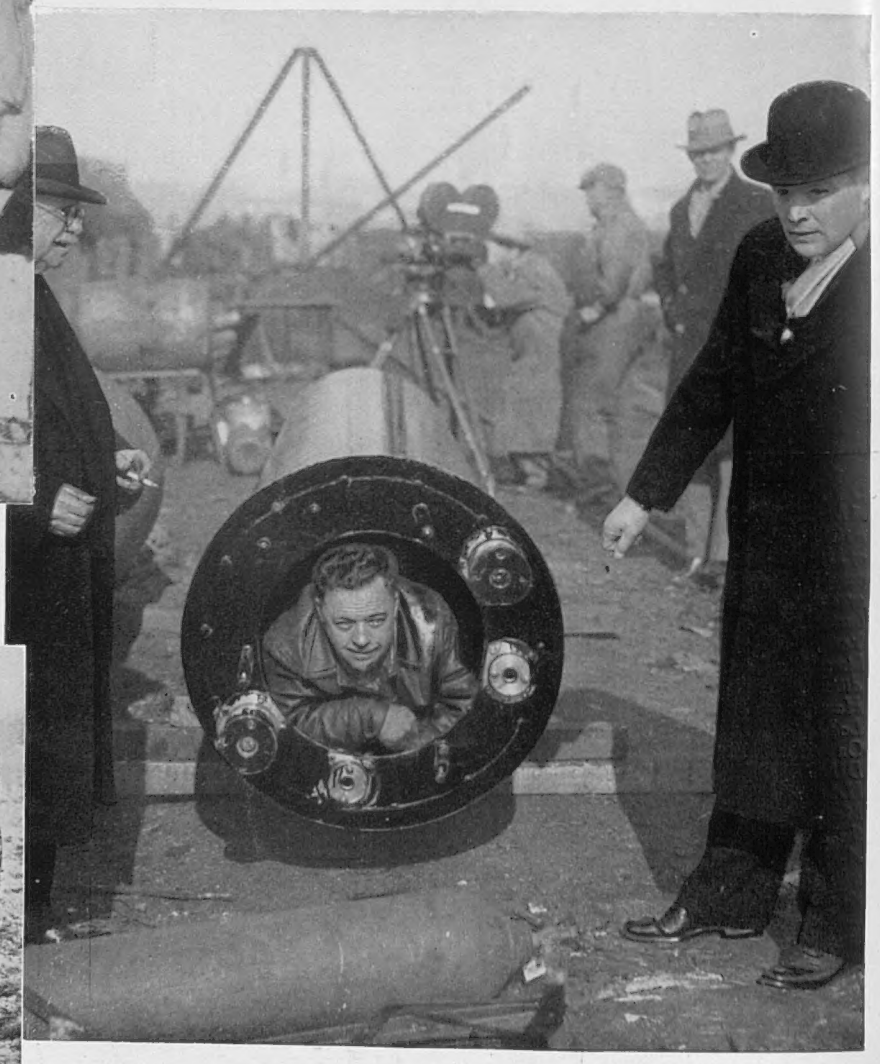
The Latest News Events in Pictures

DEMOLITION: The tank which has stood at the back of the British Museum has to be demolished on account of a new road to be built in the place it occupies. Work with an oxy-acetylene blow lamp is seen above in progress

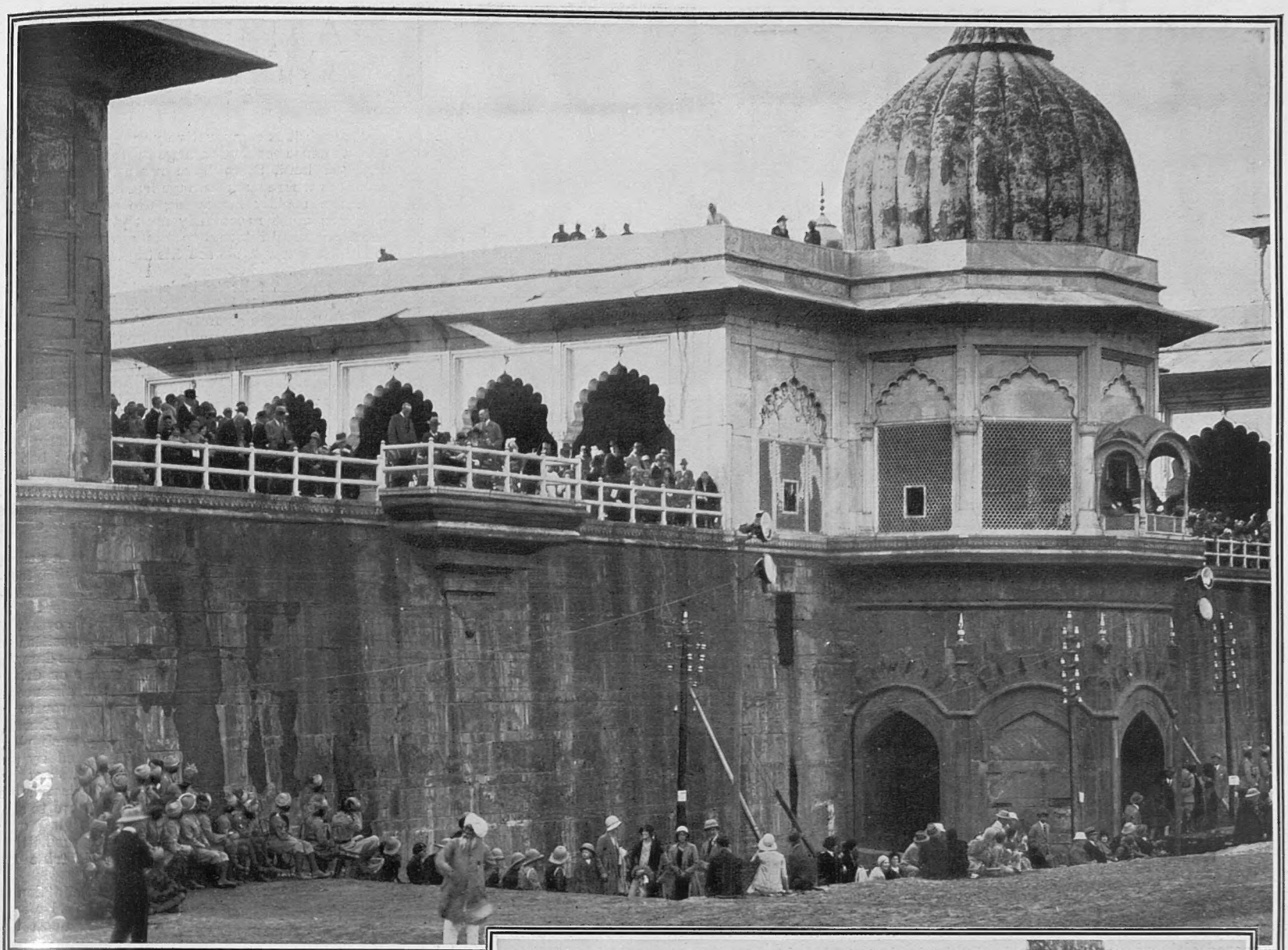
RESCUE BY BREECHES BUOY: When the British steamer Benmohr *ran aground off Prawle Point, South Devon, the captain and his crew at first refused to be rescued by breeches buoy. Subsequently, however, they were rescued by means of this device, all fifty being saved*

UNDER THE SEA TO THE POLE: Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins with Commander Danenhover examines a chart inside the submarine Nautilus *in which the Vernesque voyage under the sea to the Pole will be attempted*

THE UNIVERSITY HILL CLIMB: The time-keepers attend to the apparatus at the Oxford v. Cambridge hill climb at Ewelme Downs Hill, near Wallingford—an event competitive only for the cars, not the 'Varsities, involved. Conditions varied from brilliant sun to blinding snow



THE CONNING TOWER OF THE POLAR SUBMARINE: Mr. Ralph Shaw, Chief Engineer of the Nautilus, *officially styled* O.12, *demonstrates the width of the conning tower through which the crew will both enter and use as a means of escape in an emergency. Above are seen from left to right: Mr. Simon Lake, the inventor of* O.12, *Mr. Shaw, and Commander Sloan Danenhover*



INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL: The Viceroy and Vicereine of India watch from the balcony the evolutions in the arena of Delhi Fort. Lord and Lady Irwin are seated on the projecting and open balcony in the left centre of the picture

The INAUGURATION of the NEW DELHI

Pictures of the Ceremonies at which the Viceroy and Vicereine were present

THE R.A.F. FLIGHT FROM CAIRO TO THE CAPE: A picture just received of the crews of the three great R.A.F. troop-carrying 'planes, the largest ever seen within South Africa, which successfully flew from Egypt to the Cape, being presented to the new Governor-General, the Earl of Clarendon who succeeded the Earl of Athlone. Inset above—*Lord and Lady Irwin are seen at the inauguration of the New Delhi—the only capital in history built for—and not by—the country it dominates. Their Excellencies are seen at the ceremony of unveiling the Dominion Columns. The Viceroy wears the conventional solar topee, with formal dress*

THE PIONEER: The third figure from the right is Mr. Bertram Thomas, who wears Arab dress with the same naturalness as Colonel Lawrence

ACROSS the DESERT of ARABIA

An Appreciation of Mr. Bertram Thomas, English Prime Minister to the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, who Realized the Dream of Burton and Crossed on Camel the Rub' al Khali

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

Slowly but inevitably Arabia is yielding up her secrets. Centuries ago, of course, the routes across the Arabian Peninsula were far better known than they are to-day, but the process of rediscovery, largely resultant upon the Great War, is being surely hastened by the motor-car and the aeroplane. There is little in Northern Arabia that has not been traversed either by aeroplane or by car or by both; even Central Arabia has recently succumbed to the motor-car. Only the other day, for instance, King Ibn Saud motored from Riyadh in desert Nejd to Mecca, the Holy City of the Hejaz, along a roadless route of nearly a thousand kilometres in about seventy hours.

The Great Southern Desert of Arabia alone has remained untouched by the march of "progress."

It is all the more creditable, therefore, that the conquest of this vast southern desert, which was chronicled in *The Times* of last week, should have been achieved in the oldest and perhaps the most honourable mode of travel in Arabia, namely, by camel. But for Mr. Bertram Thomas, who has in this way earned for himself immortal fame in the history of exploration, there was no other way, for he would have scorned mechanical aid even had it been practicable. Ever since he went to Muscat some half-dozen years ago he has set his heart on crossing the unknown void which separates the westernmost section of Oman from the Persian Gulf, and he had already performed two very hazardous journeys with a view to final conquest.

The Rub' al Khali is one of the largest unexplored sections of territory in the world. It extends 650 miles from north to south, and 850 miles from east to west. Only a few Europeans have seen even the fringes of the region. In January of last year Mr. Thomas journeyed some 200 miles into the interior and was then obliged to turn back. As the people who inhabit the border of the Rub' al Khali are opposed to every kind of penetration by Europeans it would have been fatal to advertise the start of the present expedition which took place on October 7. Even if it had not prevented the start it would have militated against success. The explorer preferred to take every precaution against "raising" the countryside ahead of him and thus arousing hostility at the point of entry. Other difficulties were the uncertainty of securing tribal companions for the journey and a possible lack of rain which would prevent any move in the torrid Arabian sands.

Before starting Mr. Thomas expressed his conviction that the crossing he had planned could be done and that he could do it, provided the expedition had absolute secrecy and reasonably favourable conditions. The danger of death in the attempt, whether from murder, or starvation, or particularly thirst, was obviously great, and Mr. Thomas's achievement must be regarded as an outstanding example of endurance and courage.

What he may have discovered is being eagerly discussed by geographers and particularly by Arabists, who for years and years have been fascinated by the stories told of the contents of this huge desert.

And now for a word or two upon the explorer himself.

Mr. Bertram Thomas's connection with Arabia is fortuitous. Before 1914 he had, so far as I know, no tendency to be, in De La Mare's words, "crazed with the spell of far Arabia." Having been sent from the Western theatre of war to Mesopotamia, he has stayed, during the last fifteen years, in various parts of Arabia, that strangely fascinating continent. He can justly be called, then, a product of "Mespot."

He has gone from step to step with a certainty that discloses inner determination of a rare kind. The way, in which, in 1928, and again at the beginning of 1930, he laid the foundations of this last success are exceedingly impressive. In those two journeys alone he covered hundreds of miles where previously no white man had trodden (or, rather, where no European had trodden—for the Arab, I believe, likes to call himself a "white man").

Of his future, though he is yet a young man, in his middle thirties, I cannot speak. It may be that the Government will enlist his immense experience among Arabs again in the Arabian Peninsula. But I understand that his term of office at Muscat is now over.

It is interesting to compare his career with that of other Englishmen who, as officials of the British Government, have felt the spell of Arabia. One thinks of Sir Richard Burton, for instance, the eminent author who penetrated into the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina. (The conquest which Mr. Thomas has now achieved was, incidentally, one of Burton's dreams.) He did not make a wholly satisfactory Government servant. One thinks of "T. E. Lawrence," whose grief at the final treatment of the Arabs after the War it probably was that forced him into the Royal Air Force. One thinks of Mr. St. John Philby, whose espousal of the Wahabi cause in Arabia was so wholehearted as to make him resign from Government service, and to proclaim himself a Muslim. Mr. Thomas, on the other hand, both has a distinguished official record, and retains his normal outlook on life.

A PERIL of 1931

The Liabilities of Aircraft Users to Third Parties

Although it is comparatively rare for an aircraft to cause serious damage in its descent to property on land, there have recently been several instances where such damage has been caused, and with the rapidly increasing use of aircraft such instances must necessarily multiply. It is therefore of material interest to the owner of property on land to know what are his rights in respect of such damage.

The subject falls to be considered under two main heads: the liability of the aircraft owner, and the liability of the aircraft pilot.

Subject to certain modifications as regards aircraft belonging to or operated by the Crown (a matter which is referred to later on) the liability of the owner is mainly governed by Section 9 (1) of the Air Navigation Act, 1920, which may be summarised as follows: A property owner is not entitled to damages if an aeroplane merely flies over his property in reasonable conditions; but he is entitled to damages from the owner of the aeroplane if any damage be inflicted by landing, taking-off, or dropping articles out of the aeroplane, unless the damage was caused by the negligence of the property owner himself.

Sub-section 2 goes on to provide that a person who hires an aircraft for a period exceeding fourteen days may be treated as the owner of the aircraft for the purpose of the preceding section.

The general effect of this is to put the owner of property on land in a more favourable position as regards damage by aircraft than as regards damage by ordinary land vehicles. The owner or driver of a land vehicle can always plead the absence of any negligent act or omission in answer to a claim for damages. The owner of an aircraft, however, cannot avail himself of any such plea, even where the damage has been caused by the pilot's action to which he has been in no sense a party. What was in the minds of the legislators in imposing this additional liability is hard to say. Possibly the fact that any aeroplane flying over private land would, but for the Act, be committing a trespass on the *usque ad coelum* doctrine led them to make this concession in return.

It may be pointed out also that in addition to the possibility of the pilot being joined as a Defendant by the owner, the pilot may also, upon the general doctrine of common law and quite apart from the Act, be sued by the person who has suffered damage where such damage is caused by the negligence of the pilot. In addition the pilot is also criminally liable (and the owner may be) if the aircraft has been flown dangerously in breach of the Air Navigation Orders (*e.g.*, low flying over a populated area without just cause or excuse).

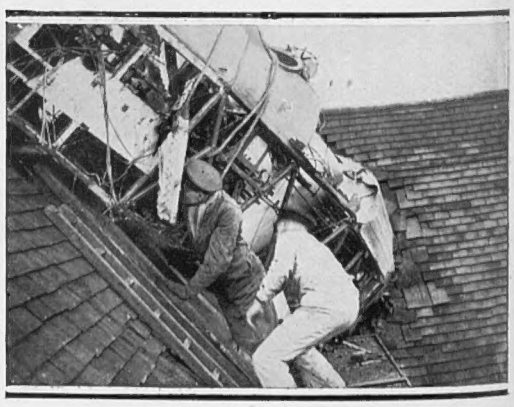
The provisions of the Act do not apply to aircraft owned or operated by the Crown (*e.g.*, R.A.F. aircraft), and in respect of damage caused by these the property owner is in exactly the same position as in respect of any other class of vehicle. He has technically no right of action against the Crown, but, as is generally known, the Crown accepts a moral responsibility for such damage.

Questions have been raised within the past few years as to whether some form of compulsory Third Party Insurance ought not to be made applicable to aircraft on similar lines to that recently applied in the case of motor vehicles. Experience has shown that the great majority of aircraft owners and operators do insure against Third Party Risks, but on the other hand such insurance is frequently limited to £5,000, £2,000 or even £1,000 in respect of any one accident. Statistics up to date indicate that it is very rarely that an aircraft accident involves damage to Third Parties in any sum exceeding this limit.

The question is under international consideration at the moment. Serious difficulties are involved, not least of which is the comparatively limited market available for the insurance of aircraft risks. The position in this respect, however, is rapidly improving and there is no doubt that more will be heard of the subject in the future, as the use of aircraft increases.

The householder who insures under what is often termed a household or "all-in" policy will find on reference to the document that he is insured against damage by aircraft. If he is not, such cover is easy to obtain.

A. G. LAMPLUGH



"IN LIKE A LION": MARCH *fulfils the* ADAGE

A WINTRY SCENE: Richmond Park last week-end was overlaid with a blanket of dazzling white, whereon the deer wandered in blank amazement, attuned as they were to the coming of spring

THE SNOW-SPORT VETOED IN SWITZERLAND! Mr. Bateman's cartoon of "The Man who Threw a Snowball at St. Moritz" leads one to believe that this heartiest and most joyous of white winter exuberances may only be indulged in on the rare occasions we get snow in England!

SNOW AS A STAGE "PROP": The Associated Sound Film Industries of Middlesex are producing a talkie in Glenshee, Perthshire, of the play that made Irving famous—*The Bells*. One of the scenes is shown above. The snow that fell all over Britain during the past week-end added to the effectiveness of the scenery from the camera point of view

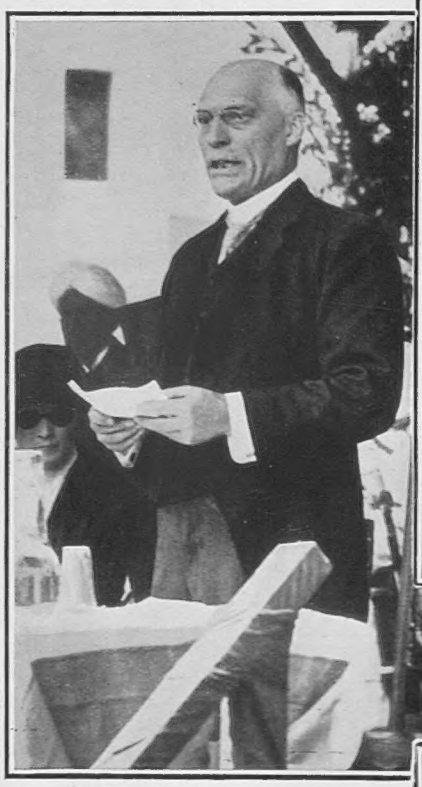
TO-DAY

A Last Pictorial Look Round

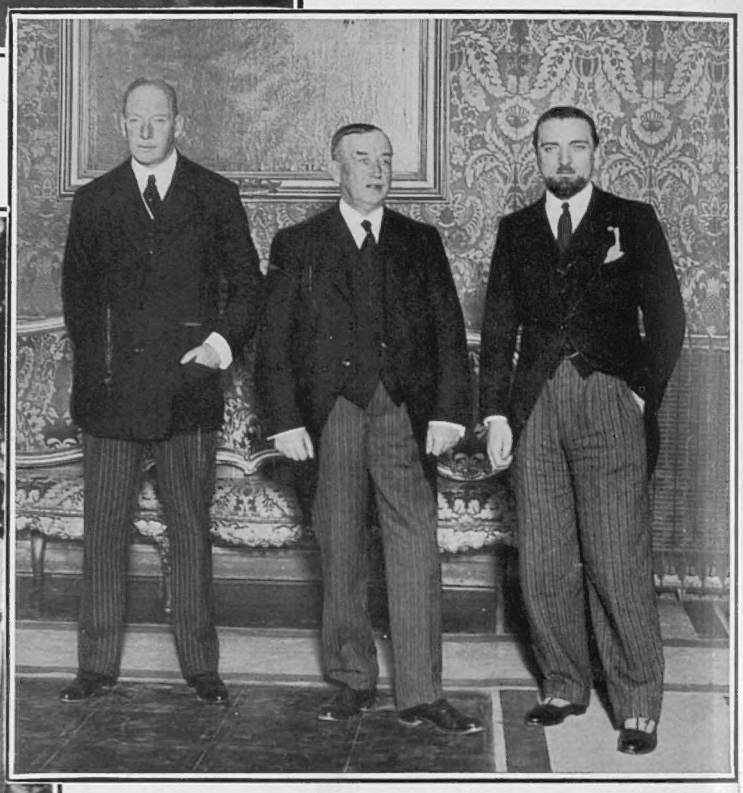
AT THE CHAPLIN PREMIÈRE: *The cordon of police holding back the crowds who assembled at the Dominion Theatre to glimpse him*

"MISS EUROPE": Mlle Jeanne Juilla, who was elected as the Queen of Beauty. She is seen above at the Battle of Flowers at Cannes

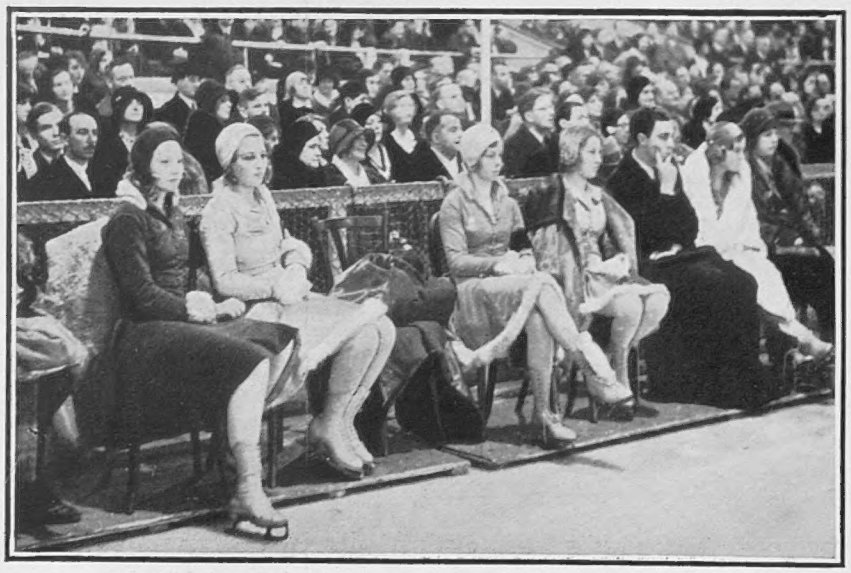
A NEW STAR: Miss Margaret Rawlings, who plays Bianca in the fine play by Mr. Clifford Bax at the Little Theatre, with Mr. Wilfrid Walter, who plays Francesco di Medici



THE BOTHA MEMORIAL: Senator F. S. Malan, chairman of the Botha Memorial Committee, speaking at the unveiling ceremony



SARTORIAL UNITY — WITH DIVERSITY: Sir R. W. Graham, British Ambassador to Italy, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Foreign Secretary, and Signor Grandi, the Italian Foreign Secretary, at the Palazzo Chigi, where a vital portion of the Naval Pact was triumphantly concluded



THE INTERNATIONAL SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP IN BERLIN: A group at the Sporting Palace. In the front row above, from left to right, are: Fräulein Randi Gullichsen, the thirteen-year-old Hilde Holowsky of Vienna, who achieved second place, Fräulein Fritzi Burger, Herr Karl Schafer, Froeken Sonja Henie, who retained her championship for the fifth year in succession and her mother

AN ARTIST TURNED BOND STREET SALESMAN: Mr. George Nicholson, a distinguished figure in artistic circles, is by no means the only member of his profession to abandon art for commerce in these days of the trade and financial slump. Mr. Nicholson will evidently not be far from the picturesque

The STRANGE STORY of THUGGISM

An Immeasurable Blessing effected by Britain in India has been the Elimination of the Sect of Ritual Stranglers

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE F. MacMUNN

Among the many strange things that the British, the impure, accursed British of the Ghandi saga have done to or for India is the destruction, the rooting out lock, stock, and barrel of the sacred cult of Bhowani the Goddess, as expounded by her followers, the Thugs or Phansighars, the stranglers. The story is so astounding that it should never be forgotten. From the time of Akbar at least, but possibly for thousands of years, there had existed in India, unknown, but strangely suspected of the people, a widespread secret fraternity whose cult was the murder of the wealthy for the sake of their goods. For generations merchants, travellers, and others had disappeared, without their relatives having the least knowledge of what had become of them. They and their families perhaps would just pass out of existence. Now and again some prince or ruler might exterminate a gang on whom he had lighted, but merely an *ad hoc* extermination for crimes brought home. That he had touched on a widespread organization of crime tinged with fanaticism was never known if ever suspected. Only in a country such a prey to rapine, war, and disorder, as was this continent of India before the *Pax Britannica*, could such a thing have been possible.

Many years passed before the British came to suspect it, but about the year 1810 suspicion began to be aroused. The word *Thug* had for long been a word of ill omen for lawless theft and robbery, concerning which no very clear ideas existed. In that year the Commander-in-Chief in Bengal issued orders warning Sepoys moving on furlough in small parties to beware of Thugs.

Some facts had already been collected, and as early as 1816 Dr. Sherwood wrote a paper in the *Literary Journal* of Madras which purported to reveal the whole story. This paper was later proved to be admirably correct in its description of the dread organization and its methods, and it seems rather more than incredible that the British had not put their hands to the problem. On the other hand, they were very busy with the settlements after the wars of 1803–5, and the disastrous effects of the Cabinet's and the Court of Directors' reversal of many of Lord Wellesley's policies, and the aftermath thereof in the Mahratta and Pindari wars of 1817–19. The disorders in Central India due to the destruction of all responsible Government after the Mogul collapse, and the rise of those nests of land pirates, termed Pindaris, in the jungles of the Narbudda Valley, gave a great impulse to the cult of Thuggee.

Law and order there was none, all merchandize and bullion moved by pack animals, and this threw many merchants into the hands of fellow travellers who might or might not be reliable. The Thugs had a golden opportunity, and in the numbers and characters of innumerable masterless men had a great field for recruitment.

What exactly, then, was this cult? It was a vast secret society which both Moslems and Hindus joined, based perhaps on some hatred of the wealthy and fortunate as persons whose prosperity should rightly be given to others, and immediately devoted to the conception of Kali, female side of the great Siva. Siva is the Hindu *persona* of the deity in regard to life and death, birth, and burial—that part of the Godhead whom men must fear and please in the daily duties and joys of life. Kali, his female side, was specially concerned with everything cruel and hard as well as much that was good and pleasant. Under her form of Bhowani, the Thugs rendered her homage, swearing their allegiance to her both as directress and protectress. Their cult was, in effect, the obtaining of wealth for their own personal use, and in the heart of every initiate there soon arose a sacred joy in depriving people of their lives for the mere sensual gratification thereof—a form, in fact, of Sadism and of that unholy joy with which Soviet female executioners have put their prisoners to death.

It is presumed that at first the statements put forward by Doctor Sherwood were considered too hideous and monstrous for belief, but several members of the Indian magistracy had begun to study the story very closely. By 1830 active operations against Thugs as ordinary thieves and murderers began, notably in Bundlekand and in Western Malwa, part of the districts in which the Pindari oppression had been so severe; but as yet no attempt to recognize the system, and attack it as such, had been devised. Three well-known magistrates in Central India, Major Borthwick, and Captains Wardlow and Henley, had tried and executed many Thugs for the murder of travellers, but without any public attention being drawn to the crimes as part of a cult and system. At this time the number of murders were so many and the audacity of the Thugs so great that the Government was forced into probing the matter to its roots. Several distinguished civil officers turned their attention to Thuggism. It was not, however, till the confessions of one, Feringhea, were received and analyzed that an inkling of all that the cult stood for was gained. For some little time, as a mere matter of police practice, certain of those sentenced were offered pardon if they would peach on their confederates, but only in the hope of clearing up their special gangs.

The disclosures of Feringhea were so appalling and so incredible that at first the famous Colonel Sleeman, or Captain Sleeman as he then was, would not believe them. But as the confession said that thirteen of the victims were actually interred in the very grove in which Sleeman was camping, this led to exhumations which only too truly bore out the Thug's revelations.

From this time dates the serious and organized campaign, and the formation of a special bureau which developed into the Thuggee and Dacoity Department—dacoity being that organized robbery under arms which is still the curse of many districts, and into which India is only too prone to relapse.

It was found that Thuggism was rampant all over India, from the Himalaya to the edge of Ceylon, and east and west from Cutch on the Indian Ocean to Assam on the Burma border. There were few places in which the confessions of the informers were not verified by the exhumation of their victims. Special officers for the suppression of the cult were now appointed in various parts of India, among them being Captain Sleeman and Meadows Taylor, as well as others equally famous in their day.

From Feringhea and other informers the whole machinery was laid bare, and it is from Feringhea's confessions that Meadows Taylor wrote with little expansion the celebrated *Confessions of a Thug*, the recent issue of which in *The World's Classics* series, with a note by Mr. B. A. Stewart on the whole business, is well worth perusal by all interested in crime of a strange and inhuman kind, and of how the great police officers of the day dealt with it. They may also meditate on the ease with which such cults may arise again were at any time events in India to follow the course of those in China. Dacoity, Thuggee's not too distant cousin, is as we have said always endemic in the countryside, as the annual police report on any one of the provinces of India will reveal.

The origin of the cult is lost in history and wrapt in mystery, and Colonel Sleeman thought that it might owe its origin to the early wanderings of Tartar and Mogul tribes, then pagan, in the provinces of India. The Hindus claimed the divine origin and meddling of Bhowani with the affairs of men, and certain it is that Thugs, whether Moslem or Hindu, observed Hindu ceremonies which undoubtedly pointed to a Hindu origin. It has been likened to the cult of murder and robbery known to exist in Persia in Sassanian times, and to that Old Man of the Mountains, the head of the Assasseens—a cult of which in its (harmless) modern form the Aga Khan is head—in any case it is a mystery not likely now to be unravelled.

According to their legend the Thugs were a body consecrated by Bhowani or Kali to her service, sworn to protect each other, and observe certain rules and ceremonies, and to spend their time in removing human beings of wealth from the world, their wealth passing to the Thugs to be shared on a basis of equality and brotherly love. New members were sworn in by terrible oaths and penalties, and were to be thrice faithful one to another. They were bound by their oaths to shed no blood but strangle their victims, and to be sure that all trace of their action was removed. Strangulation was carried out by a sacred silk handkerchief in the use of which all Thugs were made adept. The initiated worked in gangs, with a perfected drill, and always consulted omens before any enterprise, which they abandoned if the omens were unpropitious. Before they started to carry out a murder the *nishan* or burial pickaxe, which was the emblem of the Thug was specially consecrated and called *khussee*. Meadows Taylor gives the invocation to Bhowani before the gang started on their enterprise.

"Mother of the Universe! protectress and patroness of our order, if this expedition be pleasing to thee, vouchsafe us thy help, and give us an omen of thine approbation."

Then were the omens sought, the *Philao* on the right to be answered by the *Thibao* on the left. The gang or its leaders would start as ordinary travellers, get into touch with travellers, render them services for days, be hired as escort and the like. They would be told off for their various duties. The *Bhutearis* who looked for a suitable spot for the murder and burial, the *Lughais* who dug the graves, buried the victims, and obliterated the signs, the *Bhuttotes* who did the actual strangling, with the *roomal* or handkerchief. Always was some sign arranged. The thugs and victims would be at meal together, the *Bhutote* alongside his victims. The sign would be some such remark as, "Bring tobacco" or "Bring pan," and in a moment the victim would be on his face, the *roomal* round his neck, and the Thug making the twist of his wrist and thumb which finished the deed. Absolutely without mercy were the miscreants, women, children, servants, young and old, beautiful or the reverse, with a Thug to each, whole parties would be dead on the signal and buried within half-an-hour in the *bhil*, as the selected burial grounds were called.

After each accomplished murder the gang would offer thanks and consume a consecrated communion supper in honour of Bhowani. After the manner of the East, headman of villages, state officials of towns and states, would be in the gangs pay, without perhaps, unless they were themselves retired Thugs, suspecting more than that they were local bandits who paid handsomely. Here and there some especially clever and courageous official would even blackmail them, and probably suffer for his pains.

Once the British Government realized what they were up against, and had placed officers of energy and experience on the track of the system, matters began to move. In the official report the working of the Department for repression between 1831 to 1837, resulted in 1,772 being dealt with, 412 being hanged as murderers and 1,059 being transported for life, a further 483 had been accepted as approvers and 120 more were under sentence and 936 awaiting trial. A special colony of approvers under protection was formed at Jubbulpur, where their descendants are to this day, and where any tendency to lapse could be watched. At the same time the Bureau was searching for 1,800 more whose names and crimes were known. The number of *bhils* or burial places that were opened and found full of bodies, often close to the most frequented halting places and even within cantonments, was astonishing, and it was estimated that many thousands had perished annually for many years at the hands of this impious and growing cult.

The years of anarchy referred to had given opportunities beyond the dreams of prayer, and many recruits as had been alleged in the first reports. For many years the Department of Thuggee existed and kept watch on this movement, lest it should show its head again, and also on various secret and subversive movements, subversive of both civilization and the British Raj. Eventually it was merged in the Criminal Intelligence Department, whose annals will make the most astounding reading in the world, in which crime mingles with Siva and Vishnu in a manner unknown elsewhere. The stories of the modern Bengal secret murder cult and the Babbar Akali movement of which Sir Michael O'Dwyer has given some account, are all tinged with the same fervour that animated the darkest side of Thuggism. And it is just this presence of some ancient horror existing beneath the outer surface of perfectly reasonable political aspirations which has been a source of trouble to many a kind Viceroy desiring only India's good.

FAKIRS WHOSE PRACTICES HARM ONLY THEMSELVES: A new picture from Rajkot, capital of the Kathiawar Peninsula, showing fakirs on the temple veranda. Before the *Pax Britannica* such fakirs might have been stranglers instead of ascetics

b

BOUND FOR DEVIL'S ISLAND: A gang of convicts recently left the French prison for the penal settlement in French Guiana. Among them are men who will serve ten, twenty, twenty-five years (if they live) or even a life sentence

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

LIGHTER THAN AIR.—Soviet Russia, I hear from Moscow, has decided to experiment with Zeppelins for air transport to the Far East and remote corners of Siberia, hitherto inaccessible to any other kind of transportation.

The Council of the People's Commissaries, otherwise the Soviet Government, has sanctioned the plan for lighter-than-air craft of the Zeppelin type. A nation-wide campaign is to be inaugurated for popular subscriptions to help build dirigibles. Ever since the visit to Moscow of the *Graf Zeppelin* last year the Soviet Government have been in touch with Dr. Hugo Eckener, world-famous air-navigator and head of the Zeppelin works in Friedrichshafen. Whether the first airship will be ordered to be built in Germany, and the others then constructed in Russia after the German model, and with German constructors as America is doing, is not clear yet.

One of the purposes for which Zeppelins are to be used, my informant in Moscow tells me, is the transportation of valuable furs from the remote Kamschatka and Yakutsk regions. These sections are so inaccessible that the monetary losses each year due to the spoiling of sable, mink, ermine, and other skins during the many weeks of transport to the tanning centres, are said to be very great.

In deciding to experiment with Zeppelins Russia is placing herself beside Germany and America in favour of lighter-than-air, despite the *R 101* disaster. In France, Italy, and England lighter-than-air finds little favour with public or Government. Japan, too, I hear, will soon—experimentally at least—join the "Zeppelin nations." There will then be four of the latter, as against three "anti-dirigible" countries among the Great Powers.

It is a misfortune for the Empire that although the loss of lives in our R.A.F. during 1930 was considerably heavier than in the *R 101* catastrophe, the latter was regarded as a national tragedy, and made so deep an impression on public and Government, that there seems little hope now that Britain will again take up lighter-than-air in the near future. The tendency is to let other countries do the experimenting, and evolve a satisfactory type of giant dirigible. America and Germany are working hand-in-hand in the development of the future Zeppelins, co-operating both financially and in construction plans. The first giant American Zeppelin, the largest airship in the world, a veritable "mothership," with hangar-room inside for four to six small 'planes, is to take the air this summer.

The Sphinx, which has seen strange things pass by in the valley of the Nile for more than three thousand years, will see another wonder of the age when in April the *Graf Zeppelin* flies low over her and the Pyramids. Dr. Hugo Eckener has asked formal permission from the Egyptian Government to visit Cairo, the Nile Valley, and the Red Sea with the *Graf Zeppelin* next month. He will respect the Canal Zone, and keep away from it. That may deprive Port Said from seeing the colossal airship which encircled the world in August, 1929.

Dr. Eckener tells me that he plans to leave Friedrichshafen at midnight and land at the edge of Heliopolis about seven o'clock the second morning. That would bring Cairo and Central Europe within thirty-six hours of each other, instead of four to five days by rail and steamer. As a passenger tariff of only one-third more than the combined railway and steamer fares has been made, it is expected that the *Graf Zeppelin* will carry a full complement of passengers to Egypt. After landing at Heliopolis, such passengers as want to remain in Cairo for the day will disembark, and others be taken on for a daylight flight to Jerusalem, returning to Cairo about sundown the same day. The *Graf Zeppelin* will take off for Friedrichshafen that evening.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.—"Knights of the Jemmy with a pride in their profession," was how Doctor Hugo Eckener described to me the thieves who burgled his house at Friedrichshafen a short time ago. He admitted admiration and gratitude for the chivalrous consideration of his trophies, decorations, medals, and personal treasures. His sense of humour recognized the burglars' gesture in having made it quite clear that they had found, handled, but chosen to leave intact every memento connected with his flights and aviation achievements.

"The thieves had examined everything of value in the house," Dr. Eckener told me in Berlin the other day. "But all they took was the best silver table service. They left us the everyday knives, forks, and spoons, although they, too, are of silver. They had opened all the drawers in my desk containing my decorations, some jewelled, the medals and plaques of which three are in solid gold. They laid some of the most valuable articles on top of the desk so that I could not mistake their courteous intent not to rob me of the trophies of my life's work, although they would have been easy enough to melt down. Other valuable silver objects such as caskets, cups, various engraved and inscribed presentation gifts, they disarranged to show me that they had examined them but did not mean to deprive me of them."

Dr. Eckener related how he had four pairs of binoculars in his desk drawer. Two big ones and two small. The "gentlemen burglars" took away one big and one small, leaving the remaining big and small pair in neat array.

"Amazing courtesy," the Doctor remarked, "They deliberately left everything which they imagined might be of sentimental value to me. But pride in their profession, I suppose, made them show me that they had missed nothing!"

MEN AND MOUTHS.—There is little or no relation between over-population and unemployment. The latter is not even partially an effect of the former; that is the somewhat remarkable conclusion to which Professor Hersch of the University of Geneva has come.

As a proof he cites Australia and New Zealand, where, he says, the population averages less than eight to the square mile, and yet both countries have a proportionately large percentage of workless.

Professor Hersch has made for the International Labour Office in Geneva a study of the relations between population and unemployment. The population of Europe in 1910 was 447,000,000. The World War claimed a rich harvest of 24,000,000 victims—civilians and soldiers—at home and on the battlefields, he finds. Despite this tremendous slaughter, directly or indirectly traceable to the War, Europe more than made up for it by 1920, when the population reached 450,000,000—that is three million more than in 1910. Another increase of fifty millions in ten years brought the figure up to 500,000,000 by 1930.

Notwithstanding this—the highest population figure and, at the same time, the greatest unemployment in the history of Europe, Professor Hersch adheres to his contention that it is not the increase in population that has given us so many workless. Aside from Australia and New Zealand as examples he points out that the United States, where also one cannot speak of over-population, has millions of workless. The Professor is of the opinion that it is the disproportionate distribution of population to the various trades, professions, and livelihoods that has bearing on unemployment.

Industrial countries like England, Germany, and America, with their vast number of industrial workers, suffer more under the economic depression than for instance does France with its relatively greater agricultural population. What has, in the opinion of Professor Hersch, a strong bearing on unemployment is the almost complete cessation of migration. He recognizes the impracticability of removing all restriction on emigration and immigration now, at the height of the economic crisis, but urges that the freedom of migration should be made one of the principles in future treaties between countries.

RELATIVITY "IN EXCELSIS."—The city of London rises and falls more than forty feet every day. So declares Professor Leo Courvoisier, head of the Berlin Observatory, explaining that Paris, Berlin, New York, Tokio and every other point on the earth's surface rises and falls in the same way and to the same extent. The Professor recently announced a new theory of "relativity" in direct contrast to the axioms of Einstein, stating that the entire planetary system known to man races through the universe, the bodies parallel to one another, at a speed of about 350 miles per second.

"As a result of this terrific speed which is over twenty times greater than that of the speediest individual heavenly body revolving about its orbit, the earth experiences a periodical contraction and expansion within every twenty-four hours. While revolving about the sun, the earth is continually being flattened at different points, as the result of its rapid movement through space. This causes its crust to rise and fall."

His extraordinary theory is the result of watching the movements of a simple spring with a piece of metal attached. So slight were the movements that the Professor had to make his observations through a magnifying glass. In conjunction with the results of previous experiments regarding the varying angles of reflexion of the polar star, the Berlin astronomer discovered that the earth expands and contracts about forty feet every twenty-four hours. When the earth contracts to a certain point, the piece of metal is brought nearer to its centre, thereby increasing its weight. When the earth's crust rises, the metal grows lighter.

The planetary systems are moving parallel with each other in the direction of the planet Capella, according to Professor Courvoisier, but whether they are moving through space in a straight line, or whether the entire universe is itself revolving about a powerful sun as yet unknown to mankind, he could not say.

RUMANIA TURNED TO VENICE: Serious flooas have inundated many districts in Northern Rumania where the waters of the Danube (now no longer blue) have overrun their banks. The picture above shows to what transport has been reauced in a flooded area at Velcov Bessarabia

THE SPHERE SURVEYS the WORLD

Pictured News from the Continent: Two Ceremonies in Paris and Sport in Bavaria

CALISTHENICS OF THE LONG SHOE: The German mania for sport is not deterred by snow—as this picture of exercise on skis at Oberstdorf, Bavaria, graphically portrays

Inset above. *THE RED DAY FIASCO IN PARIS: Modern scientific military and police devices proved too much for the Communist demonstrations, organized on February 25 as a protest against unemployment. Vans equipped with wireless telephones and aeroplanes assisted to turn the demonstration into a fiasco. Mounted troops along the Grands Boulevards guarded the underground stations. Above is shown the method employed to signal to aeroplanes. Huge sheets were laid out in formation in the court-yard of the Préfecture of Police, the G.H.Q. for operations*

A WAR MEMORY HONOURED: The French Minister of War, M. Maginot, presents to an officer of the French Federation of World War Volunteers a flag for that organization, in the presence of war volunteers of the Allied nations. The ceremony was performed at Les Invalides with considerable pomp. General Gouraud a noted Commander, was also present and is the bearded and one-armed figure seen above on left

"With ears like errant wings": Chesterton's immortal simile for the ears of a donkey is even more applicable to the ears of the African elephant. A cow is seen browsing above. The tree-trunks, denuded of their bark to a considerable height, give evidence of the feeding of the great beasts

"The great earth-shaking beast that hath a serpent for a hand": A bull elephant who has just winded his pursuers and turned, with trunk upraised, in the manner familiar to those who feed buns to the specimens in the Zoo, and ears set to catch the least sound that may disclose the whereabouts of its approaching attackers

In the Belgian Congo: T
There is reputed to be one h
here

The height of the season for big game hunting expeditions is drawing to a close, as the chief months for shooting in East Africa, either with rifle or camera, are from October to April.

However, as there is no close season, any time of the year is a permissible occasion for enjoying the fascinations of *safari* life.

"Let us get into elephant country as quickly as possible," we say to our hunter. There is plenty of small game to be met with *en route*. Rhino to be dealt with in all probability, hippo to be photographed along the great rivers—all is sport for gun and camera. . . . . Lion, too; but who thinks of the lion as the King of Beasts when he (or she?) has encountered my lord the elephant? When in destructive mood his might is appalling, and I have watched large trees being pulled up by the roots, others with their trunks

KINGS OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

Some New Impressions of Elephant in the Wild

Shot—by the camera! A herd of elephant feeding in the bush. It is only when enraged or attacked—or on the rare occasions when a bull runs amok that the gigantic beasts are so inspiring of terror. Normally they are peaceful brutes, as seen above, although even then there is an awe-inspiring quality about them

largest herds known roam in the forests of this district. of 5,000 in the Congo region, and it is known that several numbering more than 1,000 exist

stripped of bark or bent over in an arch to the ground when too full of sap to be actually split.

When peaceful and at rest his air is majestic and awe-inspiring. A whole herd may be noiseless if you come upon them unawares except for a faintly swishing sound as they fan themselves continuously with a rhythmical to-and-fro movement of their huge ears.

But an African elephant roused to anger and cunning is an ugly and dangerous customer, and you can pray that the wind, which may be your only hope and protection in some tight corner while tracking in dense bush or tall grass, is not changeable enough to carry the human scent in his direction. There is a striking example in the picture which was snapped at close quarters of a bull elephant who has heard his pursuers and so turned on them with trunk raised to get their wind, at the same time bringing his ears forward to catch every sound which might help him if the wind were not in his favour. The thick bush immediately behind him is one means of escape, or the other course he may adopt is to make a charge: there is no third choice with an elephant, nor will he take many seconds to make up his mind. So it is for the hunter to be ever on the alert if he is going to make a study of this creature of moods, and there are times when you are glad if he decides to come your way and give you the chance you have been waiting for during a couple of days following in his wake, sleeping on the spoor at night, struggling waist-deep through rivers, ploughing through long grass and dense thorn bush.

The dying gladiator: A magnificent specimen of the African elephant brought to his knees by being shot in the brain—one of the few vulnerable spots in the great beast's body. The effect of such a shot is the immediate paralysis of the nerve-centres, causing it to fall to its knees

METROPOLITAN MATTERS

The Latest Developments in London Architecture

MORE OF LONDON'S PLASTER PERIOD VANISHES: Work in progress at Charing Cross on the site of the Golden Cross Hotel and the Duncannon Tavern—two relics of the London associated with the works of the greatest popular Victorian novelist. The picture was taken from Messrs. Whistler's building

LAYING PILE FOUNDATIONS AT LEVER HOUSE: The pile casings shown are first threaded on to steel cores. When the casings are in place, the core, together with the casing, is driven into the ground with an hydraulic jack at the bottom, until a certain "set" (firmness due to the nature of the ground is reached.) Once the pile is at its required "set," the core is released by means of the hyaraulic jack at the bottom. The whole casing is then filled with concrete

THE B.B.C.'s NEW HEAD-QUARTERS: The imposing edifice which has sprung up with remarkable rapidity at the corner of Portland Place and Langham Place. The concerts emanating from this building will eclipse in the numbers of their audience those in the neighbouring Queen's Hall

THE LAWN ON THE ROOF of the new million-pound block of flats in Baker Street known as Berkeley Court. Trees are planted, flower beds laid out amid an acre of grass, with leafy pergolas, from which extensive views of London are obtainable. Mr. Martin Harvey (in bowler hat), the owner and designer, is seen talking to a friend

THE SNOW-QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC! For the first time for some years snow has fallen on the houses and in the fluid streets of the one-time Serene Republic. No less than four inches lay on the gondolas and barges lying motionless on the canals

VENICE
overlaid with
HEAVY SNOW

VENICE IN FLOOD: The city which "Sate in state throned on her hundred isles" has ever been known for its fluid streets, but of late even the dry ground has been under water. Owing to wind and stormy seas, which overflowed into the lagoon and the canals, the famous Piazza San Marco was flooded. One report stated that there were two feet of water inundating the famous square! Inset above on left is a view of the flooded Piazzetta, leading out of the Piazza proper. In the view given here the water is above the boys' ankles, but the patterning of the white marble pavement shows through the water with astonishing clearness. On the left is the Doge's Palace, before which stand the winged lion of St. Mark and St. Theodore on a crocodile

THE RED HAND IN SYDNEY: A section of a Communist procession which paraded the streets and was ultimately broken up by the police

LIVING IN MILLIONS (IV)

The MAW of SOCIAL SERVICE

A Survey of Comparative Expenditure and a Two-fold Prophecy of the Ultimate Outcome

By LANCELOT LAWTON

In my first article I said: "Anyone who regards the epoch impartially cannot but be struck with the immensity of its improvidence. History will say that after the Great War England talked in millions, lived in millions, and squandered in millions."

Social services represent one of the largest sources of public expenditure. These services are various as, for example, unemployment and health insurance, pensions for War invalids, for widows and orphans, and for old age, public education, reformatories, hospitals, maternity and child welfare, housing of the working-classes, poor relief, and care of lunatics and mental deficients.

In 1929, 395 million pounds were spent upon social services. In 1891 the corresponding expenditure was 22 million pounds, in 1911, 62 million pounds, that is to say, in thirty-eight years the cost of social services increased eighteenfold, in eighteen years more than sixfold.

A very large proportion, but not all, of the money so spent comes from the Exchequer. Out of the expenditure of 395 million pounds in 1929 nearly 171 million pounds was voted by Parliament. In addition, 91 million pounds was provided from the rates. The remainder consisted to a large extent of contributions of employees and employers. But Parliament cannot escape a measure of responsibility for the whole expenditure since every item was incurred under Acts which it had passed.

There are certain services as, for instance, War pensions, which, by their nature, are removed from criticism. But as regards others much of the increase is inexcusable. Education cost 97 million pounds in 1929, three times more than in 1911. Can it be suggested that the results achieved justify this very large increase? In these days education is fashionable, but few have an understanding of its meaning. Public Authorities vote money freely for it because they are afraid of being thought reactionary should they refrain from doing so; and none questions their conduct. Usually pride is taken in the quantity instructed rather than in the quality of the instruction given. Consequently in an age when more than ever knowledge is needed, we find superficiality deliberately and expensively cultivated.

Expenditure on behalf of those social services that reflect distress has increased enormously. Poor relief cost 9 million pounds in 1891, 12½ million pounds in 1911, and 44 million pounds in 1929. In eighteen years, expenditure for this purpose grew more than three times. Figures for unemployment insurance are much worse. In 1921 expenditure under this heading was 10 million pounds, in 1929 53 million pounds, or about 1 million pounds weekly. Thus in eight years the cost of maintaining the workless multiplied five times. The consequent charge upon the Exchequer became increasingly burdensome. In 1928 it amounted to 11¾ million pounds, and in 1929 to 19½ million pounds. In the present financial year it is expected to reach 37 million pounds, and it is conjectured that next year it will rise to 50 million pounds, if not more. It has been computed that up to April 1 of this year the insurance fund owed the Treasury from 72 to 75 million pounds, and that during the financial year this debt would increase by between 40 and 50 million pounds, making a total indebtedness of over 100 million pounds. According to the official actuary the debt of the insurance fund is growing at the rate of 1 million pounds weekly. The same authority declared that the fund had no real insurance basis.

What is alarming is the rapidity with which expenditure has lately increased. In a single year from 1928 to 1929 the cost of unemployment to the Exchequer grew from 11¾ to 19½ million pounds, and in the succeeding year it almost doubled. No nation, no matter how wealthy, could long withstand so tremendous a strain upon its resources. Certainly none spends anything like so much as we do upon social services. Soviet Russia claims to be a Socialist State, yet her expenditure upon social services is not more than a tenth of that of capitalist England.

Of all State expenditure on effective services unemployment insurance accounts for 12·6 per cent., and of the increased State expenditure during the last five years for the same purposes, amounting to £72,700,000, social services accounts for at least 61·2 per cent. In each instance, interest on the National Debt and War pensions are excluded from the calculations.

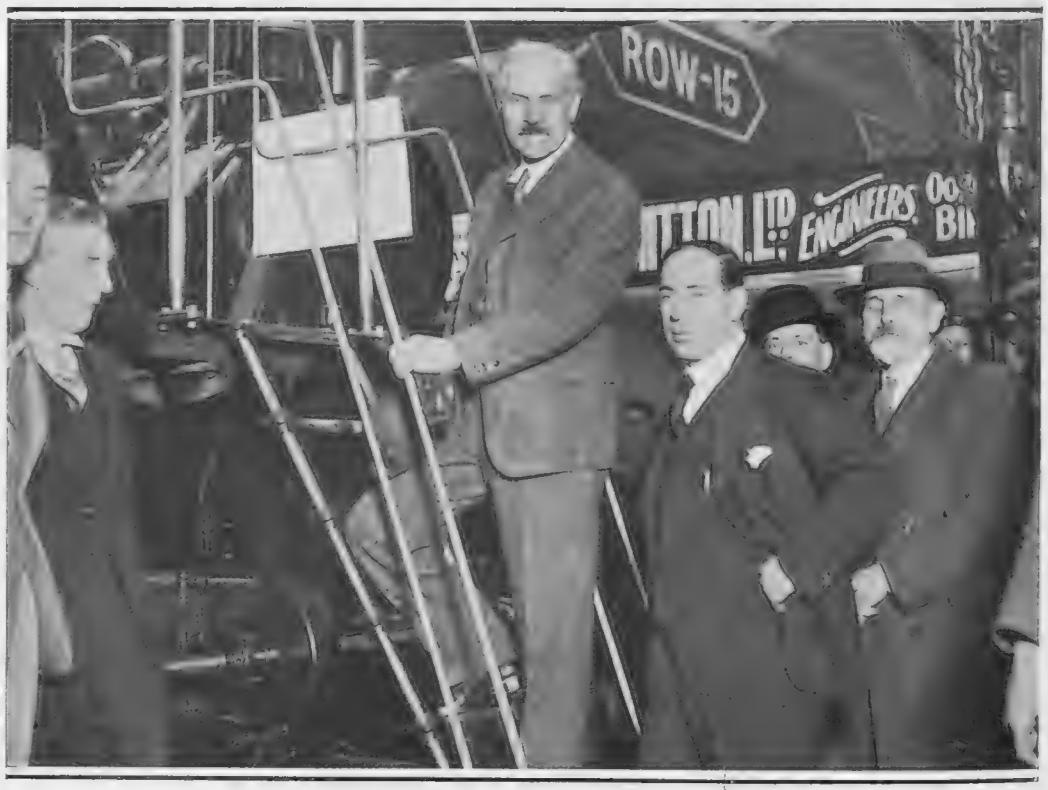
A condition has now been reached when a large section of the community depends upon the State in all the difficulties of life. When a child is born, the mother receives maternity welfare towards the cost of which the State has contributed. Subsequently the infant is cared for largely at the expense of the State. When it attains childhood, the State pays for its education. Should any member of the family become ill, he receives medical attention, also partially at the cost of the State, and if ever unemployed, is maintained largely by the State. If a husband dies, the widow receives a pension to which the State contributes, and should any individual live to old age, he is likewise entitled to a pension at the expense of the State.

When Parliament sanctioned these various benefits, it gave little thought to the deleterious effect which they might have upon the self-reliance of the individual. No one who makes careful observation of the people amongst whom he lives can fail to perceive that such self-reliance has of late years been undermined. Then Parliament never imagined, nor could imagine, that social services would extend on the present gigantic scale. It was wholly impossible to foresee unemployment so extensive and so prolonged as has been experienced. The insurance scheme was not intended to cover catastrophic conditions, nor could any scheme be devised that would.

Beyond doubt many abuses are practised. Always there is a certain amount of work waiting to be done if people could be found willing to do it. When, however, an insurance fund has degenerated into a pool for pensions, it is hardly surprising that considerable numbers should prefer maintenance by the State rather than maintain themselves. But these numbers, it must be understood, are a small proportion of the great total unemployed.

Only one or two things can happen. Either the burden upon the nation for social services will be lightened by the restoration of industrial welfare and the diminution of unemployment, or readjustment will come about painfully and perhaps calamitously, as a consequence of deepening insolvency.

At present the nation is divided into two sections, one consuming but not producing and wholly depending for its existence upon the other. The parasitical growth thus formed is swiftly poisoning the whole system. It will only disappear when industrial health returns. The longer it remains the larger will be the sacrifice demanded from all classes. Economists agree that there has been a tremendous rise in real wages since 1913. Mainly because of the heavy expenditure for social services this rise cannot be maintained. An anomaly hard to justify is that one section of the workers should enjoy wages much higher than pre-War level, at the same time availing themselves of many State social services, whilst another should eke out existence on modest benefits rendered possible by grants from the Exchequer.



THE PRIME MINISTER AT BIRMINGHAM: Mr. Ramsay MacDonald inspects one of the heavy fuel oil engines at the Birmingham branch of the British Industries Fair. Addressing the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce the Prime Minister said: "If in generation after generation economic principles changed and competition assumed greater proportions and intensity, then it was the duty of a nation to think afresh and not to trust to dead shibboleths which are grey-haired, wrinkled, enfeebled, and incapable of keeping pace with the youth of the times. Could they adapt themselves still more? He thought they could. The problem of trade was not a question of dogma. They had much light thrown on the question of preference at the Imperial Conference"

A RECORD of OLD HAMPSTEAD

Details from a Newly Discovered Picture of Hampstead Heath in Mid-Victorian Days Reproduced for the First Time

DONKEY RIDES ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH: A detail from the large canvas reproduced on the double page following. The period is 1859

The three details given here are taken from the large oil painting reproduced on the following pages. This entertaining document of old Hampstead is not to be found in illustrated works on Hampstead. Besant does not give it, nor such a detailed work as that of the late Mrs. Caroline A. White, whose "Sweet Hampstead and its Associations" was published by Elliot Stock in 1901 and is now out of print. Silk-hatted and somewhat pompous-seeming men accompanied by their wives, swathed in shawls and bearing sunshades futile to our eyes, used to frequent the Heath when it was genuine "country" and not merely a rustic enclosure in a great city. Solid and prosperous merchants dozed or regarded with tolerant eye the decorous games of their children while the "ὁι πολλοί" would repair to the greensward in horse and cart and picnic in the grateful shade of the trees. There was no democracy on the Heath in mid-Victorian days; the parties of different classes might sit cheek by jowl—but the strong though intangible barriers of caste admitted of no fracture

THE INEVITABLE SILK HAT ana the luncheon basket brought by the man-servant show that the Heath was not solely the pleasaunce of the poor

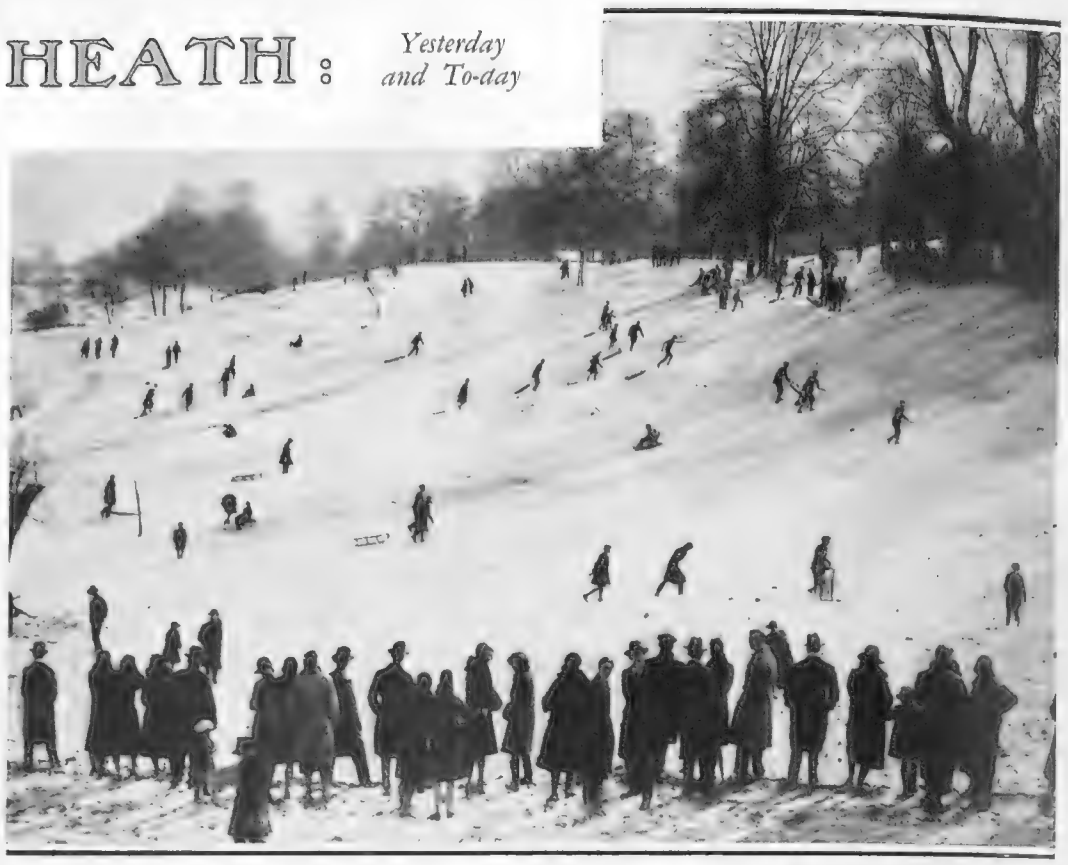
IDYLLS OF THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH: A Victorian love-scene has as its background a hearty Victorian peasant picnic

HAMPSTEAD HEATH IN 1859:

A Newly Discovered Picture by a Second Frith, Mr. JAMES REID, who Records a Pleasant Day of Halcyon Calm in the Leisured Era of Victoria and Albert

A few months ago there came up for sale at Messrs. Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, an item entitled "A View of Hampstead Heath, J.R., 1859." The picture is now in the possession of a West-End dealer in Old Masters who has had the picture carefully cleaned and has given "The Sphere" permission to reproduce the subject here. The artist was Mr. James Reid, who was in truth a second Frith in his meticulous care for detail. The famous painter of "Derby Day" was, in fact, turning out his masterly records of the social life of his period at this very time. Napoleon III was established on the throne of France, though in the previous year there had been an attempt at assassination, and in this year the Austro-Sardinian War was launched by "Plon Plon"—a squib which had its repercussions on Anglo-French amity. English and French arms had returned several years before victorious from the Crimea, and the Mutiny had been finally and definitely suppressed. The year '59 saw the passing of the Jewish Disabilities Bill and the organization of the Volunteer Rifle Corps—prelude to the "Terriers" of to-day; while, yet another precursor of the post-war period, the income-tax was raised, although with a different motive, for the increase was voted to ameliorate the defences of the country. Other notable happenings were the passing of the India Bill, the resignation of Palmerston's Ministry, and the death of Lord Macaulay, numbering as many years of life as the century itself. At home, too, the Albert Viaduct at Saltash was inaugurated by the Prince Consort and the first public drinking fountain was declared open by the daughter of the Primate. On the next page appear some notes on Hampstead Heath past and present.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH: *Yesterday and To-day*



HAMPSTEAD HEATH IN 1931: The snowfall of last week-end transformed the great Metropolitan pleasure resort into an Alpine sports centre! Toboggans, skeletons, luges and improvised skids made their appearance and the heath rang with laughter—a great difference from the decorous pastimes in vogue in 1859 and recorded on the preceding pages

Hampstead Heath has ever been a place of the greatest interest to all London lovers, both on account of its wide prospects and its ancient village charm. The picture given in this section of THE SPHERE (planned as a four-page monograph for the convenience of collectors) will therefore be welcomed as an important addition to the pictorial records of the salubrious suburb, especially as the volumes dealing with the district do not give very much information concerning this precise period of the 'fifties; earlier epochs are dealt with such as the period of the "Wells."

Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Sexby, V.D., in his *Municipal Parks, Gardens, and Open Spaces of London* records that it was in the beginning of the 18th century that Hampstead came into popular favour. The event which brought it into prominence was one which has exerted such a mysterious influence on so many parts of the Metropolis, viz., the discovery of medicinal springs. In the course of our travels to the various parks and open spaces, we have met with these on many occasions at Dulwich, Streatham, and other places. The story of these fashionable wells is almost identical. At first, after an accidental discovery, some fortunate invalid was reported to have received a miraculous cure from the use of the waters. Then they began to be recommended by certain physicians, aware perhaps of the efficacy of novelty with the fanciful. Immediately they became the height of fashion, and some enterprising proprietor introduced music and entertainment to attract the robust as well as the invalids. Finally, for no apparent cause, except that some rival spring had been discovered, their mushroom popularity was over, and their decline rapid, and it is only by consulting past records that we are reminded of their existence. This is the story of the Hampstead Wells.

This author proceeds to describe the quaint little village of North End which figures. It is hard to believe that London is only five miles away, so quiet and so rural is the scene, and it is likely to remain so, too, since the village is surrounded on three sides by the heath. The chief historical associations of North End are with the fine mansion known as Wildwoods. There is a Wildwood marked upon the map in Park's *Hampstead*, close by the Spaniards, and there is another house of the same name at North End, neither of which is to be confounded with Wildwoods, the large mansion at the foot of the hill on the left-hand side. The house, formerly known as North End House, must be at least 200 years old, that is, the original part of it, for it has been enlarged and altered considerably at different times. The place it occupied is named Wildwood Corner in *Doomsday Book*.

This part of the heath also has its ancient inn, the Bull and Bush, famous now chiefly for its good dinners and its tea-gardens, which command extensive views of the surrounding counties. It is an old-fashioned tavern and we can well believe the tradition that it was once a farmhouse. It is also said to have been the country seat of Hogarth, who planted the yew bower of the garden. Among other celebrities who have visited it may be mentioned Addison, Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Sterne, Foote the comedian, and Hone the antiquary. It can be but little altered since their time, and there is every prospect of its remaining a sylvan retreat for some time to come.

Sir Walter Besant in his "London North of the Thames" quotes Seymour's quaint description of Hampstead written in 1735: "This village . . . is much more frequented by good company than can well be expected considering its vicinity to London, but such care has been taken to discourage the meaner sort from making it a place of residence that it is now become, after Scarborough and Bath and Tunbridge, one of the politest public places in England, and to add to the entertainment of the company, there is, besides the long room in which the company meet publicly on a Monday evening to play at cards, etc., a new Dancing Room built this year."

NOT SWITZERLAND BUT ENGLAND: True to tradition, March "came in like a lion" last Sunday and snow lay thick upon the sward of Hampstead Heath

Directly you get within the boundaries of Hampstead you are aware that the borough has an atmosphere of its own—an atmosphere in two senses, for the great height of part of the borough and its distance from London combine to give it as wholesome and pure an air as may be found in any place in England, and an atmosphere in the metaphorical sense—a peculiar feeling of brightness and lightness which proclaims a favoured suburb. Hampstead has always been celebrated for its trees, and in spite of the great annual increase in the number of its houses these have not been wiped out of existence. Nearly every house possesses one or more, and some are very fine specimens. The long backbone of the borough, beginning at Haverstock Hill, continuing as Rosslyn Hill, and running through High Street and Heath Street to the Heath, is tree-shaded almost all its length. The streets on either side show vistas of irregular red brick, softened and toned down by the greenery of trees; every road is an avenue. The main artery, indicated above, is all uphill, not all equally steep, but collar-work throughout its length; at the top it bifurcates, and the winding of Heath Street reminds one of a Continental town. The steep little streets or alleys running down into it are furnished with steps like the Edinburgh wynds. The way is long, but the toil is forgotten at the summit in the splendid view from the flagstaff. Here the rolling blue outlines of distant hills are emphasised by the beautiful foreground of the West Heath. There is none of what painters call the "middle-distance": everything is near or far, and the near is extraordinarily beautiful, especially if it be seen in spring-time when the spray of blosso ' is like the spray of deep-water breaking upon ro ks, and the gorse twinkles like the twinkling of ripples in the golden sunlight.

The immediate foreground is bare and worn, but a little farther away the miniature heights and hollows, the scrubby bush and little winding paths add that mystery which so greatly increases delight. The pond by the Flagstaff is frequently very gay; there are carriages and horses, children with flotillas of white-sailed craft, and horses splashing knee-deep from end to end of the pond, an advantage much appreciated in the hot and thirsty summer. Away to the east stretches of rolling green form a joyous playground for all at holiday times, but are bare and acrid compared with the West Heath.

The Heath forms one of the greatest attractions of Hampstead, and that the inhabitants are fully alive to its beauty and importance is shown by their gallant and successful efforts to preserve it intact when, from time to time, it has been threatened. Neither the proposed curtailments by the Lord of the Manor nor the park-like "improvements" of the London County Council have been permitted. It is still a wide space of undulating ground outlined by masses of foliage, rising to the heights of Highgate, and is an untold boon to the dwellers in the City, who throng its slopes on bank holidays. In 1866 a contest arose between the Lord of the Manor, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, and the inhabitants of Hampstead as to the preservation of the Heath. Up to that date for twenty years a guerilla warfare had been going on in dispute of Sir Maryon Wilson's right to build upon the Heath, and when he began to build a house close to the Flagstaff pond the matter came to an issue. A subscription list was opened called the Hampstead Heath Protection Fund, and the matter was taken into court. Before the case was ended Sir Thomas died and was succeeded by his brother, Sir John, who was open to a compromise. Under an Act of Parliament the Metropolitan Board of Works acquired the Heath for £55,015.

In her "Sweet Hampstead and Its Associations" Mrs. Caroline A. White also has an interesting description of North End which is easily accessible from any part of the Heath, but if one happens to come out on the Spaniards Road, it is worth while pausing to admire the pleasing effect of the slender spire of Christ Church, showing almost everywhere above the trees that appear massed about it on Squire's Mount, and everywhere harmonising with the view. We have the East Heath to the right, with the Vale of Health lying in a green hollow below the Broad Walk, which divides the Upper from the Lower Heath, and passing the destroyed site of the "Nine Elms" in a dell on the same side of the way, the roof of a grange-like dwelling, noticeable in my time for a bell or clock turret on the stable buildings, peeping through the surrounding foliage.

Since I first knew this part of Hampstead it has grown into quite a large and noisy suburb of the town, and the secluded and rustic character of the Vale has wholly changed. Rows and terraces of fifth-rate houses cover the grassy slopes and gravelly mounds, then crested with furze bushes and occasional beds of heath, and the turf that, in spite of the thousands of feet that at Easter and Whitsuntide trod it nearly bare, continued to renew itself.

There was not much left for the botanist on the East Heath, but plenty of space and freshness, and the wild simplicity of natural heath-land, for the twice-yearly throngs of visitors from the dull courts and stifling alleys of London.

Now two large hideous buildings, utterly out of character with the locality, dominate the houses—the one a German club-house, the other used for refreshment rooms, which have partly put an end to the simple, out-of-doors accommodation of the cottage folk.

This part of the Vale is further vulgarized by what appears to be a stationary steam merry-go-round, swings, etc., additions to the "'Appy 'Ampstead" of 'Arry and 'Arriet, but an eyesore to those who imagine the freshness of leafy trees and greensward would be more real enjoyment to town-worn folk than the conventionalities of a country fair, or a gas-lighted corner off the High Street, Battersea.

Yet, as long as Hampstead survives, and that infelt law of attraction in human hearts to visit the homes of men and women whose thoughts have touched the spirits and enriched the minds of tens of thousands of their fellow creatures, so long will Hampstead have its pilgrims, and Leigh Hunt's lowly cottage be sought for.

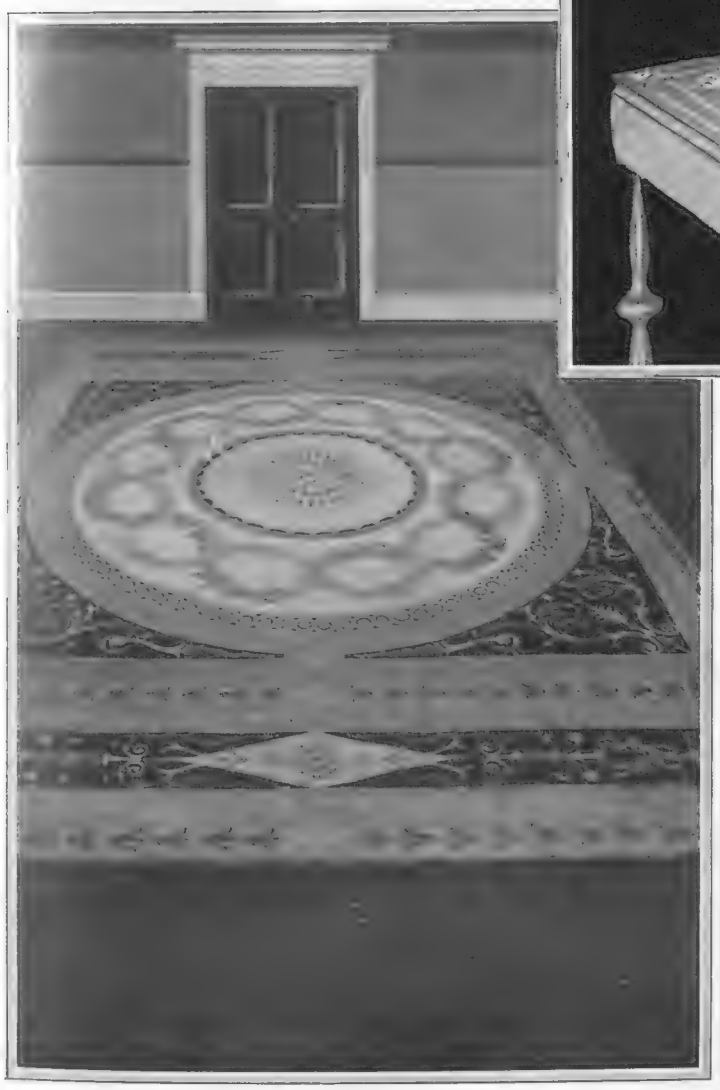
FOR THE COLLECTOR

Notable Exhibits on View and on Sale

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S JEWEL CABINET, now on view at "The Four Georges' Loan Collection" at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane. This is by Vile and Cobb (previously attributed to Chippendale)

THE SILVER INKSTAND, dating from the early years of George I, is of uncommon design. It consists of two portions, one being a recess for pens and the other containing an inkwell and pounce box. The arms of Martin Ffolkes of Hillingdon, Norfolk, are engraved on it. It was made in 1716 by William Lukin of London. Martin Ffolkes was the President of the Society of Antiquaries

KING JAMES II'S GAMING TABLE which he gave to Samuel Pepys. The table is beautifully inlaid and the set of chessmen of green-tinted ivory are finely carved. This and the inkstand above are shortly to be sold at Sotheby's



THE ENGLISH CARPET which Messrs. Sotheby are selling on March 13 comes from Woodhall Park, Halford, which was built in 1778 by Thomas Leverton. The architect not only designed the house, but much of the furniture, such as the mirrors and side-tables, and also the carpet which is known as a "Leverton" carpet. It is beautifully designed in soft shades of blue, red, and brown, on a light ground, and for its own particular setting, bears comparison with the fine works of Persian art now being exhibited at Burlington House

A PRESENT TO SADLER'S WELLS: Hogarth's masterly picture of a rehearsal on the stage of that historic theatre, generously presented to Miss Lilian Baylis by Mr. F. J. Nettlefold. The signature is painted just below the outstretched hand of the man in black

The AVALANCHES of 1931

Notes by an Expert upon the Exceptional Prevalence of Avalanche Falls which have Done Great Damage to Life and Property this Year

By Captain E. P. RICHARDS

(Member of the Swiss Alpine Club and the Ski Club of Great Britain)

An avalanche can be defined, very roughly, as a layer of snow which adhered to (or rested on) a slope of older snow or a slope of ice, dead grass, earth, or rock; but from one or more causes lost adherence or equilibrium and then suddenly slid or rushed downwards until it ploughed out on a flat, or finally plunged into a valley or ravine. Most commonly the layer cracks right across high up the slope. The layer of snow for some distance below the widening crack is stealthily moving downwards. But speed and mass rapidly increase. High, lumpy, irresistible, massive, and fiercely galloping waves are formed; and in the case of a huge avalanche from a great height, are often preceded by a most violent displacement of air; an air-blast that (far beyond the destructive limit of the actual snow cataract) can itself instantly, like an explosion, utterly destroy strong buildings, or in two seconds fell a great mass of sturdiest forest.

Some common types of avalanches and the reasons in each case why the snow begins to slide can be mentioned.

IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND: A cornice on a high ridge. The portion that broke off fell into the top of the steep slope and started an avalanche in the Gstaad country

Avalanches that slide off a surface of rock, earth, or grass are known as "*Ground* Avalanches." Those that slip off an ice slope or off the iced surface of older snow are known as "*Superficial* Avalanches."

Coarse grass forms the surface of many of the well-known dangerous slopes. Such give no good hold to the snow. They are especially dangerous during a thaw and produce ground avalanches. Rocky and rough slopes usually hold the first falls of snow firmly throughout the winter and spring; but they can become very dangerous after a spell of sunny weather followed by new snow, especially if they face towards the south. The hot sun day by day melts the surface, and each night it is re-frozen. This in December, January, and February produces a hard, smoothish, iced surface; *and when a new fall of dry snow occurs at low temperature, there is little or no adherence between this old iced surface and the new layer.* If there has been general thaw and warm wind, followed by keen frost, a similar hard surface will be formed on *all* old snow, both on south and north slopes. If, now, a fall of dry snow occurs, there will be no adherence between old and new on *any* slopes, and dangerous (superficial) avalanche conditions will prevail widely. But should thaw be followed by a general fall of wettish or non-dry snow, and then good frost after the snow stops falling (as is usual), the new snow *will be safely frozen to the old, and cannot slide.*

In the Alps much snow comes down in fine, dry particles, and is called powder snow. The *dry powder-snow avalanche* occurs chiefly in December, January, and February, and is due normally to excess of depth on a really steep slope. Powder-snow does not slide easily. But the top of the excessively deep layer begins to creep, and at last starts all sliding. Strong gusts of wind can also make it slide. Powder-snow normally avalanches within a day or two after its fall. This type of avalanche overwhelmed Mr. Furnivall's party, and has caused the accidents of the last few days in the Adige Valley.

Wet snow avalanches are caused by a downright thaw. There is plenty of warning. The snow consolidates, becomes water-logged and heavy but plastic; the under surface becomes lubricated by wetness, and away it goes, as a ground avalanche, often full of earth and rocks. In England we see this type in miniature when it thaws and the slates go wet under the snow-layer.

The wind-slab avalanche is the most difficult to avoid, for its threat is often hard to detect, and it can happen in the finest weather and when all ordinary avalanche conditions are absent. Without warning one can find oneself on highly dangerous wind-slab. The appearance of the slope is that of a firm, rather sun-hardened, slippery, goodish surface, and not too hard to prevent ski edges getting fair hold.

It is believed to be formed by a layer of violently blown hard snow dust, which has settled on top of the steep powder snow of lee slopes, and which, with assistance of wind-pressure, has formed a thick, slabby surface. This covering does not adhere in the least to the soft, dry under-snow—it may even be bridging it, and may at any moment, and under pressure of the skis, give forth a horrible "wumph" as the whole slope breaks suddenly into a torrent of blocky slabs. It occurs frequently in steep gullies.

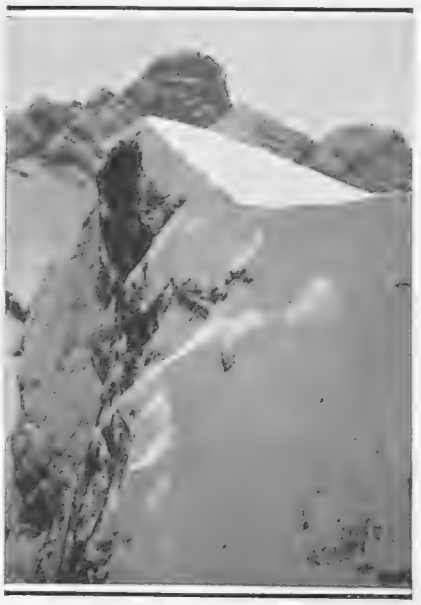
The cornice danger is very real. During Alpine snowstorms the wind tends to build great eaves or "cornices" along the ridges and edges that terminate steep snow slopes. Sooner or later these snow cornices fall off, by their own weight, or by thaw, or by wind, and falling into head of a slope are often the trigger that starts a great and disastrous avalanche. Such was the direct origin of both the Zürs and the 1928 Aletsch tragedies.

Therefore, *always avoid slopes that are topped by a cornice.* During a thaw, or hot sun, the danger is often very imminent.

Cutting a doubtful slope in two by crossing it too diagonally on skis removes support from the upper part and is equivalent to deliberately making a crack. Avalanches are often thus started. The correct way if the crossing is absolutely unavoidable, is to take off skis and walk, stepping long, and very carefully, into the same footholes. But fully to deal with avalanches demands a great textbook, and in this article I can but try to touch intelligently and usefully on the subject.

Danger from avalanche especially threatens when the barometer is low or falling; during the whole of a thaw; for several days after a big fall of snow; and even many weeks after a deep fall of dry snow on surface of old iced snow. After much wind there is special risk from wind-slab.

Safety Measures on Doubtful Slopes.—There are two points that we may emphasize. First, the rule that when a party is crossing doubtful slopes they should be *well* separated, i.e., there should be 200 ft. *or more* between each person. This should ensure the safety of the majority of the party—as only say one or two at a time out of six need be in the danger zone: and again, in case of avalanche, only one is perhaps taken and the others are left. The second point is the general neglect by British and all skiers of the Oertel avalanche cord. This is about 30 yards long, bright red, and of thin sash cord. Its weight is negligible in the rucksack. Before traversing a doubtful slope a cord is tied firmly round waist and allowed to trail its full length. If a skier is buried *he is almost certain to be located at once*, by the unburied end, or some other part of the cord, and can be rescued and resuscitated in time.



AFTER THE AVALANCHE: A ridge in the Bernese Oberland from which a cornice has fallen to start an avalanche

Finally, if caught, much evidence proves that one should make every effort to keep on one's back, with the arms and legs widely and strongly extended, and the neck stiffened back; and if there has been no time to slip skis off the legs, feet and skis should be held up in the air.

BIRD LIFE in SPRING

March Sees Great Activity among the Feathered Folk in Wood and Garden

By MURIEL HAYWOOD

Rapidly are the long hours of darkness now decreasing, the sun fast growing in power, and bringing back once again the glow of renewed life to the waiting world. And perhaps, of all the children of Nature, the quickest of those to respond to the golden influence are the bird people. With delight they welcome those precious minutes added to their day; for they are full of business at this time, and have much on hand. There is a vast amount of movement in the world of birds, preparations have been going on—indeed are still in progress—for the vernal season, the most important time of the year to them. With a joyous anticipation, from afar they have heard the coming of the spring. Courting, lovemaking, wedding bells, and nest-building plans, fill the air. For some time past, indeed, certain of those birds, who make a habit of being well ahead in their domestic arrangements have been occupied in searching for suitable sites for their future abodes. Busily flying from tree to tree, they were to be seen, inspecting with great care, and much lengthy discussions, the various pros and cons of each position. However, even of these early people, a considerable time will pass before the greater part of them actually set to work and commence to build in earnest.

But amongst them is that handsome fellow with a discordant voice, the magpie; he is one of the few exceptions. For not only has he chosen his building site, but already has he commenced that most wonderful nest of his—that amazing and elaborate structure, upon the erection of which the pair of great birds spend such an immense amount of their time. As a general rule they select the tallest of a lofty clump of trees, and it is amongst the topmost branches that they then commence working at their house. With much skill it is cunningly intertwined with twigs and branches and surmounted by a dome; the flooring is made of a sort of matting cleverly woven together, the side walls are formed of small branches interlaced with one another with an opening left at the side as an entrance. Thus is every comfort ensured, and so well chosen is its position that, in spite of its size, it is usually almost entirely concealed from view when built amongst a group of pine trees or Scotch firs.

At this season the thrush holds the field with his clear far-reaching notes. For some weeks past he has been singing for a part of the day, but now he is untiring, and on every side he and his fellows are to be heard pouring forth those lovely songs of theirs—so diverse and so quaint. Even on a chilly morning, with a glitter of hoar frost spangling the woods and meadows, still they sing away, their voices ringing gaily through the countryside. The robins are very much occupied now with their respective flirtations, and the small people are to be seen all over the place flitting excitedly about, usually in pairs, their rosy waistcoats glowing amongst the trees and bushes, their sweet and cheerful song a notable addition to the music of the bird folk.

A great contrast to the radiant little personality of the robin is that of an extremely retiring small fellow, the dunnock. Like a shadow he moves quietly about the grass and amongst the dusk of the undergrowth, seeking those infinitesimal morsels which appear to satisfy his appetite. As he pecks away he gently flutters his wings with a certain joyousness which always seems peculiarly his own, and which manifests itself more strongly than ever at this time of the year. Modest, demure, and unassuming, he has a considerable charm as he goes about his business in his independent, noiseless fashion, clad so neatly in his suit of shades of brown and grey.

In the woods, in the hedgerows, and in the meadowlands, the small feathered folk are in movement, here, there, and everywhere, and as the tide of vernal excitement rises higher day by day, so does the subdued murmur of their song grow richer and more powerful, until, presently, it will fill the whole countryside with music.

In their brightest plumage are the birds now; attired in their best and most beautiful, in order to do honour to the season. Some of them, indeed, at this period of the year, don a completely different dress from that of the colder months—so different in point of fact that in former times, when very little was known of ornithology, in many cases a bird who changed his plumage entirely twice in the course of a year, varying it according to the season, was supposed to be not one, but two distinct birds and, consequently, was endowed with two names. However, in due time, as more observations were made, the fact was established of the complete change of plumage of certain individuals in the world of birds from their winter dress into the resplendency of full nuptial attire.

In the brown forest, and amongst the tangled hedgerows, all budding now, a faint green bloom is showing; on the mossy banks, amongst the grass are crocuses and snowdrops—everywhere the pulse of renewed life is stirring. And, as the days hurry onwards towards that joyous season with its wealth of colour, of sunshine, and music, the countryside seems alive with happy, expectant bird folk, their preparations completed, waiting for Spring to come into her own at last.

The LATEST AMERICAN COMMERCIAL 'PLANE

The New Ford All-metal Three-motored Monoplane: and Other Aerial Innovations

THE AERIAL FORD: The Ford Tri-motor monoplane—a machine of outstanding merit with wonderful performance. It is produced in two sizes: the 11-seater model equipped with three Wright Whirlwind 300-h.p. engines, and the 13–15-seater with three Pratt and Whitney 425-h.p. Wasp engines. *Inset on right* is another aspect of the Ford 'plane

THE ONE-MAN FIGHTING AEROPLANE: The début of this newest 'plane from the Gloster Aircraft Co. works. It reaches a speed of 200 m.p.h. in level flight and is virtually a flying gun platform, being equipped with six machine-guns controlled in unison from the pilot's cockpit, so arranged that the bullets converge in a cone of fire some hundred yards from the machine

ON THE AFRICAN ROUTE: The first of the new giant flying boats to be used by Imperial Airways on the new African route, launched on the Medway last week. These boats are the largest ever built in England and can seat 16 passengers in addition to the crew, and are capable of carrying 3,600 lb. of mail

A new rival to British commercial aeroplanes has put in an appearance, with which our manufacturers will have to reckon in the European markets. This newcomer is the Ford Tri-Motor Monoplane which is a machine of outstanding merit and with wonderful performances. Its capabilities are not yet realized whilst its capacity for really strenuous commercial work on this side of the Atlantic is yet unknown. Product of Ford Motors, Limited, it has the hall-mark of Henry Ford upon it. The machine is a three-engined monoplane produced in two sizes. The eleven seater has three Wright Whirlwind 300 h.p. engines, whilst the 13–15 seater has three Pratt and Whitney 425 h.p. Wasp engines. An examination of one of these new arrivals reveals the extraordinary amount of attention that has been paid to details. The Ford monoplane was first produced in March, 1928, and the experiences of the last two-and-a-half years are embodied in the new machine. It is an all-metal monoplane for which it is claimed that it is entirely free from any risk of corrosion, rotting, warping, splitting or tearing. To overcome the risk of corrosion the machines—fuselage, wings, control surfaces, etc.—are covered with an aluminium alloy over duralumin. The wing structure is on the cantilever principle. Whilst the passenger cabin is commodious there is ample room for improvement in the interior fittings and seating accommodation. One very striking feature about this Ford monoplane is its manœuvrability, for a machine of such colossal proportions.

AN EPIC of EMPIRE and an ADVENTURE

The Astounding Autobiography of Sir Frederick O'Connor and Other Books of the Week

By CECIL ROBERTS

There are some men who naturally draw around themselves exciting and momentous events. By mere accident they appear to be in the right place at the right moment. Examination of the circumstances generally proves that it is something more than accident, it is a prescience of events that enables them to become the storm centre, and to live lives so crammed with experience that the majority of mankind, condemned to the 9.30 up train each morning, must regard them with awe.

There is Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederick O'Connor, for instance. He is one of those tall, courteous, charming Englishmen who make a dinner or a bridge party a success by their useful inobtrusiveness. It was two years before I began to uncover the astonishing facts of his career, and to realize that I was in the presence of a man who epitomized all the thrilling achievements that a boy's mind can imagine. He had penetrated to the forbidden City of Lhasa, he had talked with the Dalai Lama, he had explored Sikkim, fought at Dargai, been present at the signing of the Treaty with Tibet in the Palace at Lhasa, interviewed Kitchener and Morley, taken a Lama down into India to meet King Edward (to the chagrin of the Chinese Government), had been British Consul at Shiraz, driven a car across the Persian desert, been taken a prisoner by the Persians, and had conducted a mission at Vladivostok against the Bolsheviks. He had also taken an Indian prince on a world tour, and the Prince of Wales on a shooting tour while he was Envoy to the Court of Nepal.

Such, briefly outlined, has been a part of his career. In between these events are the more thrilling episodes and achievements in a life that is surely charmed. Strange to think that I should have to impress on Sir Frederick the fact that he had a story to tell, and to put a publisher on his trail to ensure the story being told.

Well, here it is. *On the Frontier and Beyond*, by Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederick O'Connor, C.S.I., C.I.E., C.V.O. (Murray. 15s.), a record of thirty years' service for the British Empire, and a story that should prove to any young man that the age of romance is not dead, or confined to a plush seat in a super-cinema. I like to think of the figure of that young O'Connor arriving at a Mountain Battery at Darjeeling. Before he left England he had a shrewd notion of where he wanted to get to. He looked up the map and noted the proximity of Darjeeling to the Tibetan frontier. The Unknown Land lay before him. It was ten to one on that young fellow slipping over the frontier somehow. Within ten years he was reading a Treaty in their own language to the assembled Tibetan delegates in the Potala Palace at Lhasa, and was the first British agent in Tibet!

So, at an elevation of 8,000 ft. in his hut at Darjeeling the young officer, instead of taking to whiskies and sodas, took to the Tibetan alphabet, and began to learn a language with no textbooks and no teacher. "I had by that time learnt enough of the recent history of the frontier to surmise the possibility of the Tibetan question again coming to the fore sooner or later, and I determined to be ready for the occasion when it did arrive."

Soon after his arrival he was over that frontier accompanied by a friend. True, he got well rapped over the knuckles for his unauthorized exploit, but it served to let the authorities down in India know that here was a young man with spirit. They sent him to Simla, but a blaze on the frontier made him restless, and he got leave to proceed there as a newspaper correspondent, since he could not go as a soldier.

Then, after seven years, his chance came. When it grew necessary to send an expedition to Lhasa, following the obstructionary methods of the Chinese, who were behind their Tibetan puppet, and Sir Francis Younghusband was deputed to lead the mission, the man who could talk Tibetan found his opportunity. He was the indispensable asset of that enterprise, the man who could talk to monks and peasants, nobles and Lamas in their own tongue. I have been told on good authority that Sir Frederick knows more frontier dialects than any man living. It transpires, in the course of this book, that he also knows Russian and Persian, a fact worth remembering whenever the customary reproach comes up of the Englishman's ignorance of the languages of the races he governs.

The expedition arrived at Lhasa in the autumn. The Dalai Lama, alarmed at the penetration of British forces into the Forbidden City, had fled. Negotiations followed a tortuous course. The winter was coming on and the expedition was not equipped to face the severities that would come. Colonel Younghusband conducted the negotiations with the highest skill; he not only secured a satisfactory treaty but also an indemnity fixed at £500,000 sterling. The British Government, half-hearted about the Tibetan question, was perturbed at the degree of success achieved by the mission. Its hands were tied by an agreement with Russia, and the indemnity was reduced to a tenth.

His eyes having beheld the Holy City, the author found himself established at Gyantse as British Agent. He soon formed a friendship with the Tashi Lama.

"The Lama at this time was a young man of twenty-two to twenty-three years of age, of modest and simple demeanour, and kindly, gentle manners. He was much beloved by his entourage and idolized by all the inhabitants of the country. His position was a peculiar one in the Tibetan policy. In point of sanctity this incarnation takes rank not inferior to that of the Dalai Lama. He had his own little court and government, his chief minister, his treasurer, his chamberlain, and so on, and he was the supreme head of the great Tashi Lhumpo Monastery with its 3,300 monks."

There followed one of the most amazing adventures of this book. A Lama had never been known to leave his country. Sir Frederick excited the young man with stories of India, and then obtained an invitation for him to proceed, as the Indian Government's guest, to meet the Heir Apparent of the British Throne and the Viceroy.

It was obvious that the authorities at Lhasa and the Chinese who jealously guarded the seclusion of their Tibetan appanage would not allow the Lama to go, added to which would be the distress of his own people at witnessing the living incarnation of the Deity risking his life on such a momentous journey. But the poor little Lama was bent on the adventure. Assisted by his chief minister he was away on his trip before the authorities at Lhasa could intervene. He was asked to bring the minimum of servants, and the Government suggested thirty. "When the chief minister came to see me the next morning he had a large scroll of paper in his hand, and my heart sank." The minimum was 1,000! Eventually it was cut down to 300. The news of the Lama's passing brought the countryfolk from miles around to witness a sight they had never believed possible. "As his chair was sighted in the distance all prostrated themselves and bowed their heads to the ground, and as he got near they would press forward to try so much as to touch the trappings of his palanquin, many with tears streaming down their cheeks."

One of the most noteworthy features of this book, after its incurable modesty, is its sweet reasonableness. In all the turmoil of the revolution in Persia the author never loses patience with the Persians, not even when, following the excitations of the execrable Herr Wassmuss, Sir Frederick woke up one morning to find guns trained on his Consulate and himself and his staff taken into bondage. Here is a real German spy story, with every kind of thrill, including the hiding of the treasure, £2,000 in gold, which was afterwards retrieved. And delightfully English was that moment when the Consulate's safe was being borne away to be forced open, and Sir Frederick stepped forward. "I have the keys here, and it will be much simpler and easier to unlock it." The mad English again—and an empty safe when it was opened. And always this genial guardian of the Empire's name, ready to make friends with the wretch who had tried to assassinate him, the double-dealing chieftain, the suspicious monk, the reserved Lama, kept a keen eye for a humorous situation as when he found the Lama's brother, during that first visit to civilization, industriously puffing away at an electric light with a pair of bellows, because it would not go out and the holy Lama wished to sleep!

So the scene changes, now Tibet, Teheran, Peking, Vladivostok, and, finally Nepal, with the author conducting the Prince of Wales on a shooting trip through that hospitable State, and the old story of the Prince's conquering charm and alert eye. This is a book to make an Englishman proud of his race, to renew one's faith in the patient, intelligent, unselfish service that passes under the simple name of duty.

This week offers three excellent novels. There is Miss Stella Benson's *Tobit Translated* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). If you want light or easy reading, leave it alone. Without a delight in style, it will be found stodgy. This is the story of a White Russian refugee family in China. It is the story of the travail of the whole earth reduced to the unit of one family. Here is grief and pathos, and futility, with a picture of China in chaos and humanity in despair, and yet it is not a gloomy book. How could a book be gloomy with a Mr. Wilfred Chew—Chu Wei-fue—in it? Round the crown of his hat "a ribbon showed what may well have been a medley of the colours of Eton, one of the more refined cycling clubs, and the Salvation Army."

Miss D. K. Broster is an amazing lady. Having taken out an historical novel copyright for Scotland (she has given us the best Jacobite trilogy in English literature) she has now staked out a claim to the Principality of Wales. In *Ships in the Bay* (Heineman. 7s. 6d.) there is the same command of history, brightness of deed, and phrase. This is an unknown aspect of Welsh history: the French invasion of South Wales in the winter of 1796. Reading *The Flight of the Heron* I would have sworn Miss Broster was Scotch. Reading *Ships in the Bay* I am equally prepared to swear she is Welsh. This capacity to fit her background is one of the most astonishing aspects of her genius. Here is that unheard-of thing at last, a fine historical novel of Wales.

The Spanish Lover, by Frank H. Spearman (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), makes me regret that I have not ere this encountered his other six novels. Here is the story of Don John of Austria, his alliance with Venice, the tragedy of Famagusta, and the great victory of Lepanto with the monstrous Turk put to flight. Whenever, wandering through the Doge's Palace at Venice, I have come across that furious canvas, the Battle of Lepanto, I have wished that I had the energy and the scholarship to mould the epic battle into a story. Mr. Spearman has done it nobly. Here is passion, thrilling exploit, colour, love, all at a breathless pace; a worthy footnote to Vicentino's great canvas. The book is crowded with characters, every one of them passionately alive, and so much is splendidly given that I can forgive the author his bowing to the Hollywood end.

The brooding power that one notes in Mr. Theodore Dreiser's face is to be found in the pages of most of his books. I remember his heavy jaw and lowering glance as he walked into a New York down-town café, probably as much in search of raw humanity as of cooked food. He is the most uncompromising force in American letters to-day. Equipped, as are few writers, with the statistical facts of life, he has a deadly force of logic behind his iconoclastic analytical gift. No one has dared to be so frank with the American civilization as he has been in *Hey Rub-a-Dub-Dub* (Constable. 7s. 6d.). He has been forced into a complete distrust of the democracy he once thought so splendid. Perhaps it is not America only that fills him with despair but the genus *homo sapiens*. Here is his terrific onslaught on man. I cannot quote the whole sentence. Most of Mr. Dreiser's sentences have the habit of tottering on to exhaustion somewhere on the next page.

"We hear of that curious thing 'a successful life.' It is in the main a myth, a self delusion. How could there possibly be success for a watery, bulbous, highly limited and specially functioned creature, lacking many of the superior attributes of other animals—wings, a sense of direction, foreknowledge and the like—and manufactured every forty years by hundreds of millions, century in and century out, made apparently not in the image and likeness of anything superior to himself but in that of an accidentally compelled pattern, due to an accidental arrangement of chemicals. . . ."

Thus half of the sentence upon mankind. It is enough. I shall not have the temerity to claim success in life.

Recommended List:

Catching Wild Beasts Alive, *by Joseph Delmont* **(Hutchinson. 18s. net).**—A German novelist who has hunted animals on five continents. He now regrets having robbed any animal of its freedom, and this love of beasts pervades his amazing narrative.

Vagabonds, *by Knut Hamsun,* **(Cassell. 8s. 6d. net).**—A full length study of Norwegian fisher-folk by the novelist who wrote a classic in "Growth of the Soil."

India—Land of the Black Pagoda, *by Lowell Thomas* **(Hutchinson. 18s. net).**—Mr. Thomas has a quick eye and a facile descriptive power. Here is a cursory survey, but full of interest and excellently illustrated. It should be read by all who believe India can govern herself.

The Fine Red Herrings, *by Dorothy L. Sayers* **(Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net).**—A detective novel in which the authoress has applied her own technique, which is excellent, to a Freeman Wills Crofts-ish plot.

Great English Short Stories, (Harrup. 8s. 6d. net).—An omnibus volume with modern authors well represented.

The Romance of the British Museum, *by W. H. Boulton* **(Sampson Low. 12s. 6d. net).**—A chatty introduction with copious illustrations.

The Chronicles of Captain Blood, *by Rafael Sabatini* **(Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).**—Blood, buccaneering, Barbados, blank shot, and late to bed.

The STRENGTH of BRITISH ART

The Field of Landscape

A Street in Rothenburg, Bavaria, *by* **Mrs. Freda Marston, R.O.I.**: *An enchanting vista of the picturesque old city*

Burford, *by* **S. R. Badmin**: *A delightful etching of the charming old-world Oxfordshire village taken from the high ground of the main street. It is on view at the Royal Society of Painters, Etchers, and Engravers at the R.W.S. Gallery*

The Road to the Farm, *by* **Rex Vicat Cole, R.O.I.**: *A characteristic example of this painter's delightful chiaroscuro now on view at the R.O.I. Exhibition*

The Fairy Ring, *by* **R. J. Enraght Moony**: *The modern technique is here seen in interesting treatment of a theme eminently Victorian in its fundamentals*

Veere, Holland, *by* **G. Spencer Watson, A.R.A., R.O.I.**: *One of the most beautiful of the quayside facades of old Holland, the haunt of artists, at which there has been for many years an English colony*

Down by the Canal, *by* **Adrian Hill, R.I., R.O.I., R.B.A.**: *This picture on view at the R.O.I. Exhibition, Prince's Galleries, is based on the Dry Hole at Lincoln*

Two interesting art exhibitions are open at the moment—the R.O.I. Exhibition (at Prince's Galleries, 195, Piccadilly), four exhibits from which are reproduced above; and the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters, Etchers, and Engravers, at the R.W.S. Galleries, 5a, Pall Mall East. The examples of British art seen above are all landscapes—traditionally the *forte* of our national pictorial creation

FILMS

THE CREATOR OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY: *Mr. Walter Huston in the title-rôle of* Abraham Lincoln, *the first talkie D. W. Griffiths has made. It is running at the London Pavilion under Cochran direction*

THE DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH: *Froeken Mona Martensen, the Norwegian star, who takes the title-rôle in* Laila, The Daughter of the North, *the all Norwegian film, produced in Norway with an all-Norwegian cast. The country has great pictorial values of which, as may be seen from the "still" reproduced above, full advantage has been taken*

DISCUSSION: *Mr. Conway Tearle and Miss Betty Stockfeld discuss their parts in* Captivation *with the author (centre) Mr. Edgar Middleton who has written the script of the first John Harvel production*

A SON OF THE NORTH IN THE DAUGHTER OF THE NORTH: *Herr Peter Malberg, one member of the all-Norwegian cast in the all-Norwegian film produced in Norway,* Laila, the Daughter of the North. *Herr Malberg plays a Laplander and is seen above silhouetted against one of the awe-inspiring and majestic Norse fastnesses of mountain and fjord*

OVER THE TEA CUPS: *Mr. Robert Farquharson, Miss Maidyn Mawn and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in a scene from* Captivation *by Edgar Middleton who, it will be recalled, wrote the "pyjama play,"* Potiphar's Wife, *which enjoyed a genuine success as well as a* succès de scandale. *with Miss Jeanne de Casalis in the leading part.* Inset above: MADAME GUILLOTINE: *Miss Madeleine Carroll who is playing the lead for Mr. Reginald Fogwell in the Isleworth Studios in a French Revolution picture. Miss Carroll's contract calls for £10,000 a year*

OUTWARD BOUND: *Miss Alison Skipworth, Miss Beryl Mercer, Mr. Leslie Howard, Mr. Lyonel Watts and Mr. Montagu Love in the Warner Brothers and Vitaphone talkie of Sutton Vane's successful play of the hereafter, to be shown by permission of the London, the Middlesex, and the Surrey County Councils, in theatres under their jurisdiction and to be run indefinitely at the Regal Theatre*

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN (Cont.)

ESPECIALLY *for* BOOK-LOVERS

SCHEMED IN WALNUT: Sectional bookcases by Gordon Russell in black walnut; a low coffee table, 24 in. in diameter, in English walnut, and an easy-chair in the same wood form a modern yet cosy group for the student or book-lover

HEXAGONAL: A fascinating six-sided book-table for the centre of a small library. It is designed and executed by Heal and Son, Ltd.

BUILT-IN: A clever and unusual corner treatment by Au Bucheron, comprising a built-in settee, built-in cupboards, and built-in book shelves — especially valuable in a small room

A BOOK-LOVER'S CORNER: A treatment by Heal and Son, Ltd. Even the shallow bureau has shelves just large enough for novels. *Above*: ENDLESS BOOKS: Fitted bookshelves and cupboards lining the walls of a small study

OCTAGONAL: A modernistic eight-sided book table and a glassed-in bookcase and cupboard combined form an attractive ***ensemble*** in one corner of a "booky" room

In the life of every civilized individual books are essential to comfort. Consequently we need special furniture in which books may be accommodated and displayed. Wisely treated, books can play their part in a distinctive decorative scheme. Appreciation of this fact has led modern decorators to design many attractive types of bookcase and fitted bookshelf, combining the advantages of accessibility and protection against dust with a striking appearance. Fitted bookshelves, which, by the way, should show an interval of about 12 inches between each shelf and a depth of 10 inches, are often combined symmetrically in groups with cupboards for drinks and smokes, and often they are placed in convenient proximity to a built-in settee. The different types of movable bookcase are legion. Some have open shelves, some are glassed-in. Some have doors that open on hinges, others doors that slide to and fro on runners. Open shelves, perhaps, are best unless you have rare first editions or editions *de luxe*. There is a bookcase with glazed doors framed with narrow bands of stainless steel which leave every volume in the bookcase clearly visible when the doors are closed. And there are combined bookcase and cocktail cabinets in surprising variety. There is even a little bureau which, when closed, projects into the room only five inches. It has a fall front for writing, with pigeon-holes above; while beneath are cupboard doors which open to reveal bookshelves just the right size for your newest novels, or precious first editions.

THE SPHERE of TRAVEL

OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF ROME

Little-known Places Worth Visiting on the Outskirts of the Eternal City

Everyone knows there are books galore about the Eternal City, but there are not so many to be found describing the country places round, and there is a fascination quite unique in the Roman Campagna. The colouring alone is worth coming many miles to see—changing every day and almost every hour of the day—and one can have innumerable varieties of scenery within 20 miles of the "Miliarium Aureum."

For instance, Monte Mario with its well-graded road, Via Trionfale, gives us a grand view over Rome; then a mile past the village of St. Onofrio in Campagna, we get into a typical English country road, though one must allow that the trees in England would probably be beech and not cork! The Via Trionfale runs into the Via Cassia about 6 miles from the Barriera Trionfale, and it is a delightful drive to return by it to Ponte Milvio and thence to Rome, passing on the way the curiously fortified old farmhouse of Buon Ricovero, the last stopping place of pilgrims on their way to Rome; and farther on the so-called "Tomba di Nerone," really the burial-place of P. Vibius Marianus and, at the bottom of a steep hill, the pretty little tributary of the Tiber, the Acqua Traversa, the ancient Tatia. For those equal to expeditions farther afield there is the beautiful lake of Bracciano, with its bright blue recalling Tennyson's description of a "sapphire-spangled" summer sea.

FONTE NOMENTANO: An ancient bridge over the Aniene—a tributary of the Tiber

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2

Anguillara, at the south end of the lake, is really more picturesque than the better known Bracciano, though the town is well worth a visit to see its famous old castle, a real relic of the Middle Ages; one melancholy falcon in a shady corner of its great gaunt courtyard is a sight not to be forgotten; the stronghold was built by the Orsini family in 1460, but passed into the hand of the Odessalchi in the seventeenth century.

Mosquitoes are gradually decreasing, and few of the Anophele are to be seen near Rome, partly no doubt owing to drainage of the low-lying ground, partly to the healthy sea breeze that freshens Rome and its surrounding heights. It is a curious fact that one feels more wind a few miles from Rome, 200 ft. or 300 ft. above the sea level than actually at the coast.

The deserted village of Sta. Maria di Galera is beautifully situated, overlooking a steep ravine through which rushes the Arrone; the town, with its quaint eleventh-century belfry tower is quite ruined and overgrown with creepers, while the woods below are carpeted with the most exquisite violets, both purple and white.

Ponte Lupo is another beautiful excursion; starting from Porta Maggiore one goes along the ancient Via Prenestina—a good road with lovely views of the mountains—for eleven miles as far as Osteria dell' Osa, passing on the way the modern hamlet of Castiglione, the site of Gabii. The road then turns north going through a deep cutting in the rock, a most unusual thing, as the Romans generally took the road straight over a hill. On the left we see the Fossa di San Vittorino with its picturesque village, and beyond, the blue Sabine mountains, and on the right the river tumbling along a low bank of thick undergrowth, and the Campagna showing across the celebrated bridge built by Claudius. This magnificent structure, which stands 32 metres (102 ft.) high, once supported four aqueducts—Anio Vetus, Marcia, Anio Novus, and Aqua Claudia.

SEGNI: A town with glorious Pelasgian walls—i.e. huge stones fitted without mortar, ascribed to 500–600 B.C.

New inventions take their time to reach the distant parts of the Campagna, and one still sees threshing with flails in many places, sometimes even on the road itself.

A walk along the Pontine Marches has great charm, for the country lies between the Volscian Hills and the Mediterranean and possesses interests of various kinds; for instance the Cistercian Monastery of Fossanuova, founded in the twelfth century is an early example of Italian Gothic and is renowned especially as the dwelling-place of the great theologian, Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor; he died there in March, 1274. The building is well placed by the side of a stream, and inside there are orange trees, but many of the monks suffer from stagnation and every summer some of them are sent up to another convent, the Certosa, of the same order — Trisulti — which is beautifully situated in the hills. A friend and I had a delightful expedition there one year in May; starting from Rome by the 7 o'clock train we went to Frosione and then by auto-bus to Alatri, a town which has one of the finest so-called Pelasgian Walls, huge blocks of stone wonderfully placed and fitted together without mortar; the date is uncertain, archæologists are afraid of being very definite, but it is supposed that they are between 1000 and 500 B.C. Alatri is, or perhaps I should say was, before the War, given up to home-weaving, and practically every house had its loom busily employed, and excellent cotton stuff they produced, too.

From there we drove about five miles along the hillside, and when the road came to an end we started off on a beautiful walk of rather more than an hour through the chestnut and oak woods till we came to the Certosa of Trisulti. There is nothing very striking in the buildings, but for sheer beauty of position it is hard to find a rival. In a clearing of the forest the building stands looking south and west, with the beautiful Volscian Hills across the valley through which runs the railway to Naples; it made a wonderful evening picture with the glowing sunset after a scorching day.

OXEN IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA: The horns of these beasts often measure 6 ft. across. They are usually docile but can turn nasty to strangers

The brothers were kind and friendly, and allowed us to sleep in a room called the Forestria just outside the gate. They insisted on giving us dinner, the best of which was the bread and the wine. Only one bed was available, but the friendly Procuratore ordered a mattress to be placed on the long table in our room and I spent quite a restful night thereon. The monks there make liqueur and perfumes, which are distilled from the plants in their garden. H. C. S.

An Air Parcel Post to East Africa

A New Scheme Organized by **ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED**

Readers of THE SPHERE who have relatives and friends in Northern, Eastern, and Southern Africa are sure to welcome the opening of this weekly air route, which was inaugurated on February 28 by Imperial Airways.

HANDLEY PAGE: One of the great four-engined 'planes to fly on the India route

THE EAST AFRICA ROUTE: A diagram of the itinerary

We shall shortly publish full details of a scheme inaugurated and organized by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., to take every advantage of this new important link in Imperial communication, which will enable our readers to keep in close touch with their kith and kin overseas.

In planning this long route, considerable difficulties as regards physical, geographical, and meteorological conditions had to be overcome. The first section of the route, from Cairo to Khartoum, is comparatively simple, and is being operated by three-engined Armstrong Whitworth *Argosy* machines. The second section of this route, viz., from Khartoum to Lake Victoria Nyanza, is mainly over territory consisting of swamps, rivers, and lakes, and for this reason three-engined Short Calcutta machines are being used, as there are many natural waterdromes, and land aerodromes become sometimes waterlogged.

After Lake Victoria comes the high plateau of Kenya, and thence onwards, nearly to the Cape, the height

DE HAVILLAND: A Hercules *three-engined machine, now used on the India route, and shortly to be transferred to the last stage of the East Africa route*

of the aerodromes is such that without very high-powered machines or supercharged engines, considerable difficulty is experienced in taking off from these aerodromes.

It is for this reason that for the present, the mail will stop at Myanza on the south of Lake Victoria.

It is anticipated that in about three months' time the new, large four-engined Handley Page machines will be available to be placed on the existing Indian route between Cairo and Delhi. This will allow the high-powered three-engined De Havilland *Hercules* machines now employed on this route to be transferred to operate between Lake Victoria and Cape Town.

Plans are well forward by the Imperial Airways for superseding their three types of machines by specially-designed fast and powerful four-engined machines to operate the entire route from Cairo to Cape Town.

CALCUTTA: *The interior of the Short Calcutta three-engined all-metal flying boat used on Stage II of the East Africa route*

"Why be vague? Ask for Haig"

Haig

WHISKY

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

The Railway line through the Blue Mountains follows the identical trail blazed in 1813 by the explorers who first discovered this wonderland of mountain scenery.

DISCOVER
AUSTRALIA

Express trains, road coach services, steamships and air liners . . . beautiful modern cities . . . all the amenities of an advanced and progressive people . . . these things are the visible and tangible Australia.

But it is not the only Australia . . . it is not the age-old, unchanged and wild Australia of vast plains and great forests, towering waterfalls, deep canyons and dense bush . . . where prehistoric man still lives, removed by 10,000 years from the world of to-day.

For Australia is a land of wonderful and fascinating contrast . . . bathed in well-nigh perpetual sunshine and blessed by a climate famed the world over.

Australia offers the traveller everything . . . sport and spectacle, real relaxation and all the refinements of leisure.

Australian skies are of unbroken blue . . . the sunshine never fails . . . come to Australia.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE & ROMANCE

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2 (or 154 Sansome St., San Francisco, U.S.A.) will advise you: Shipping Companies or Travel Agencies will arrange your bookings.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL.—Everyone has been highly delighted that the King bestowed the honour of knighthood on the present holder of the World's Land Speed Record. Not only do we all consider that Sir Malcolm Campbell thoroughly deserved this honour but it is most fitting that his wife who has patiently and anxiously waited at home should likewise be honoured. Unlike other holders of this and similar records Sir Malcolm has not announced that from now onwards he will content himself in being a spectator. Knowing him as I do I feel perfectly certain that if anyone succeeds in bettering his figures, and there is every possibility of this being done quite shortly, the present holder will immediately make plans for another attack. At the dinner given in his honour by the British Racing Drivers' Club Sir Malcolm made public the fact that Miss "Betty" Carstairs, the well-known and skilful pilot of fast motor boats, had taken a considerable financial interest in his efforts. All credit is due to Miss Carstairs for this assistance which was given not only to Sir Malcolm Campbell, but to the British nation as a whole. The fair sex have once again given proof, that not only are they taking more and more active parts in the life of the nation, but are also prepared to assist by gifts of money the attempts made in the field of sport to keep the British name on top.

MAINLY MUD.—The Ministry of Transport are fast turning themselves into a mass-production factory for rules and regulations. Their latest product is a regulation that forbids the driving of a motor-car on a public road unless it is fitted with mud wings. Whilst we all admire Mr. Herbert Morrison for his enthusiasm and desire to get things done, I really do think that in this particular instance he has over-stepped the mark. The only reason which comes to my mind why this new edict should have been made was a laudable attempt to prevent pedestrians being needlessly splashed with mud. Obviously the new regulation cannot possibly minimise this particular trouble, as the only people who will be protected from mud splashes are the occupants of the car, and surely it is no concern of any Government whether the passengers or driver of a motor vehicle get their clothes and faces dirty. This grandmotherly piece of legislation might, therefore, be looked upon as a piece of innocent mirth, except that it will prove a great handicap to certain manufacturers and to individuals. Some manufacturers have their body works in another town or at least some distance from their main factory and have been accustomed to drive their chassis without mudguards to the coach-building department. This new regulation will obviously cause them a whole heap of unnecessary trouble. Then again the private owner who buckles a wing and has it removed for repair will run a very grave risk of getting into trouble with the authorities if he dare drive his car in its somewhat naked state. Surely the Ministry of Transport knows perfectly well that there is only one remedy for mud-splashing, and that is to make certain that there is no mud.

A ROYAL MEMBER.—Being one of the originators of, and a member of the Executive Committee of, the Order of the Road, I am naturally very gratified to be able to state that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to become a member. The Prince has thus shown his intense desire to encourage road courtesy and skilful driving. No one may become a member, or even remain a member, unless his motoring career comes up to a certain standard which has been carefully laid down by the Committee. A very striking badge is carried by members of the Order, but what is really more important is that their skilful driving entitles them to an extra 10 per cent. off their insurance premiums over and above any "no claim" bonus which they would otherwise obtain. As the yearly subscription is only 10s. and the reduction in insurance policies, which I should have said can only be affected through certain companies, amounts on the average to 20s., the Order is a real business proposition to those motorists whose records entitle them to membership.

DISTINGUISHED OVERSEAS BUYERS.—I am informed that H.H. the Regent of Kedah and H.H. the Regent of Negri Sembilan have recently bought 20 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley cars fitted with self-changing gears. A fleet of 12 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley cars has also been sold to the Maharajah of Mayurbhanj State. Mention of the Armstrong-Siddeley self-changing gear cars reminds me that examples will be shown at the Buenos Aires Exhibition which opens this month. I feel certain that the various examples to be shown will make a very favourable impression, particularly as I learn that the coachwork has been finished in a manner which should make a definite appeal to the local taste. In addition to the cars, examples of Armstrong-Siddeley air-cooled aero engines will also be displayed.

THE WORLD'S WORST ROAD.—Experienced travellers declare that the most arduous motoring conditions to be found anywhere are in the mountainous inland regions of South America. An excellent example is the main trunk "road" which connects Barranquilla on the Atlantic coast with Bogota (the capital of Colombia, 11,200 ft. above sea level), and Buenaventura on the Pacific coast. Part of this, in daily use by a fleet of lorries which form the only means of transport inland, is a "hill" consisting of eighteen miles of steady 1 in 8, including many hairpin turns and breath-taking curves on the brink of precipices hundreds of feet high. At the top of the climb the road continues along the crest of one range of the Andes for more than thirty miles. The success of the Pan-American that has done much to hasten plans for a complete highway system throughout the country. A fair proportion of the work on the proposed new roads is well under way. At one point, from Ibague to Armonia, a tunnel is to be made under the Andes to carry both road and railway.

"CRIKEY!" This unusual picture illustrates how alert our new "speed cops" have to be now that so many motor-cars are running on Shell Spirit. This is, of course, a development of the brilliant poster of a two-headed navvy looking after a car and uttering in the words of its inscription: "That's Shell—that was"

BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

Salamanca. The Cathedral and the river Tormes.

General View of Segovia.

San Sebastian from Monte Igueldo.

General view of Bayona (Pontevedra).

Madrid. Golf Course.

Santander. Royal Palace.

VISIT SPAIN WHERE SUN IS SHINING AND LIFE IS SMILING.

The Country of Romance which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive, in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this, there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at PARIS, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK, 695 Fifth Avenue; ROME, 9 Via Condotti; MUNICH, 6 Residenzstrasse; BUENOS AIRES, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; GIBRALTAR, 63-67 Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies or any other Travel Agency.

The PETROL World — (Cont.)

The 18/80 M.G. SIX SPORTS, MARK 1: A Car Biography

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

A POWERFUL SPEEDSTER.—The M.G. Car Company have recently been meeting with such success on the track with their Midgets that it was with more than the usual amount of interest I started out on a trial of their latest 18–80 M.G. Six Sports, Mark 1, speed model. This was the first occasion on which I had driven a speed model M.G., and when I went down to take delivery I was immediately attracted by its sporty and pleasing appearance. The car was painted black with red wings and wheels, and the upholstery was likewise of the same colour. I found a certain amount of difficulty in getting into the driver's seat, but once I took up my position I was more than comfortable. Before I go any further I would like to make it clear that in my opinion this particular model is essentially for people who are what I call sports-minded.

The engine, which has six cylinders, started up without any difficulty or any priming, and it turns over as smoothly and as quietly as any well-bred touring car power unit. There is nothing of the untamed monster about it, although I discovered that it is possessed of great power. The gear lever, which is placed centrally, operates a box which gives three forward speeds and a reverse. Gear changing was simple, and even if a gear was missed the resultant noise was of a subdued nature.

STEERING WITH TWO FINGERS.—I was not long in the car before I discovered that it had almost lightning acceleration; it never faltered, and the urge forward was always pleasant though invigorating. Unfortunately, owing to the works having changed the back axle ratio, and not having made the necessary correction to the speedometer drive, the figures on the speed indicator were hopelessly out. This prevented me from obtaining any true idea as to the maximum speed of the car. Personally, I would be prepared to say that 80 m.p.h. is well within its reach, and I note with satisfaction that the makers are prepared to issue, on or before delivery, to every purchaser of this particular model a certificate issued by an official time-keeper to the effect that the car purchased has attained or exceeded the speed I have mentioned. This certificate can only be supplied if an extra fee is paid.

As regards the handling of the car on the road I found this excellent in every way; the steering gave the driver complete and accurate control over the direction of the car; even at its maximum speed two fingers only were necessary in order to follow the desired course. On corners and when threading one's way through traffic the car went along as if it were running on rails. The suspension would, of course, be considered harsh by the owner of an ordinary touring car, but on the majority of sports chassis shock-absorbers have to be tightened up otherwise high speeds would not be so pleasant. The Servo-assisted foot-brake which operates on all four wheels required very little pressure and was thoroughly efficient.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the 18/80 M.G. SIX SPORTS, MARK I SPEED MODEL

Engine—6 cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—69 mm. and 110 mm.
Cubic Capacity—2,468 cc.
Tax—£18 p.a.
Clutch—Double Plate. Cork Inset.
Gear-box—Three Speeds Forward and Reverse.
Suspension—Semi-Elliptical Front and Rear. Hartford Shock Absorbers.
Brakes — Dewandre Servo, operating by Pedal. Hand Brake on Rear Wheels.
Steering—Marles.
Electrical Equipment—Lucas Coil and Battery. 12-volt Lucas Dynamo.
Petrol System—10 gals. at rear. "Autopulse" electric Pump.

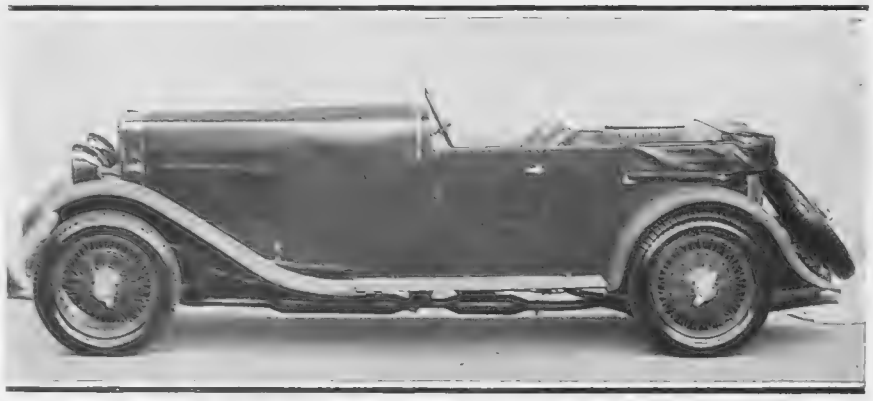
Manufacturers:
THE M.G. CAR COMPANY, LTD.,
PAVLOVA WORKS, ABINGDON-ON-THAMES

"SAFETY FAST."—The body on the car was an open four-seater of very limited dimensions; in fact it bears a striking resemblance to those used in such races as the British Double-Twelve or the Ulster T.T. At the same time the makers have succeeded in giving comfortable accommodation to all the occupants including those in the back seats.

I would like to compliment the designer of the body for producing a hood which folds away in a remarkably neat manner. The manner in which it is made to form almost part of the body is ingenious, and to my pleasant surprise I found that when erected it was quite efficient. The petrol tank is placed at the rear, but a reserve supply of two gallons is carried in an auxiliary tank under the dash, the necessary throw-over switch being situated at the front passenger's feet.

The manufacturer's slogan is "Safety Fast," and from my experience I can confirm that both of these words are applicable to this speed model M.G. On looking through the catalogue I was somewhat amazed to find that the price of this car is only £525. If there is another sports model giving the same performance at a price anywhere approaching this figure I have not seen it.

In conclusion I must say I was very impressed with the car, and my only regret was that the week-end when it was placed at my disposal the weather was most unkind, with the result that the mileage I covered in it was only a quarter of what I had intended. I have two or three friends who own similar cars, and I find that my experience is merely a confirmation of theirs. For some years the British industry have neglected the sporting side of motoring. It is satisfactory to know, therefore, that the M.G. Car Co., Ltd., are turning out these speed models at a reasonable price, and that they do really deliver the goods.



THE BIG M.G.: An M.G. Six, similar to the one shown above, was recently placed at the disposal of Mr. Bradley. His views in the accompanying article effectively bear out the claims held by the manufacturers

Warwick Wright Says

"HAVE AN ORIGINAL CAR"

You need not buy a car that is like all others.

The "Warwick Wright Special" coachwork is replete with every luxury and comfort that the art of the designer and the craftsmanship of the coachbuilder can produce.

It is available on the famous Talbot "75" chassis.

In no other car of its type can you get this remarkable speed of over 70 M.P.H. allied to a docile performance which enables the most nervous woman to handle it with ease in traffic.

We would like to put one at your disposal for a trial run any time.

TALBOT "75"
WARWICK WRIGHT "SPECIAL"
You can obtain this unique coachwork only from us.

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150, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1, (Mayfair 2904.)

The "SNAP" Regd

"Ideal for sports or general wear."

21/-

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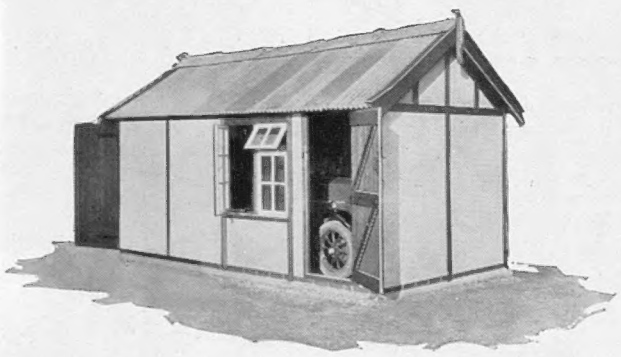

B. 222

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Write for Catalogue 994.

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The "PLUS" MONACO £298
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard.

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Roomy Coach-work The roominess of the Riley coach-work is exceptional. In width there is no cramping, and leg room, both fore and aft, is such as to ensure a maximum of comfort. For this result, the close collaboration of chassis and body designers is responsible. The front seats are adjustable on the Leveroll principle, and the comfort of the rear seat passengers is enhanced materially by the well-floor. Further, the rear seat occupants, being seated well in front of the rear axle, are practically immune from road shocks

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Look for other features and, in the meantime, ask us to arrange a demonstration.

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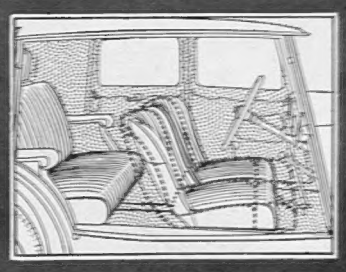

Catalogue and "The Riley Record" (our monthly magazine) upon request.

The "PLUS" BIARRITZ £325
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard.

NOTES and NEWS

THE ROSE AND THE ORANGE

Readers of the THE SPHERE will remember that one of the outstanding events in the celebration of the centenary of French Algeria was an expedition to the Northern Sahara, where a Congress of the Rose and the Orange was held at El Goléa, one of the fruitful oases which have been recently opened up as a result of the desire of the French Government to make the desert blossom wherever it is possible. A full account of this interesting Congress has now been published in Paris. It gives a complete narrative of the journey from Algiers by way of Bu-Saada, Laghouat, El Ghardaia, to El Goléa, where the wonderful fertile gardens make it evident that it is possible to grow an extraordinary number of fruit-bearing plants. The various speeches and lectures given during the Congress, including an introduction by the President, Monsieur J. H. Ricard, are included, so that the volume forms a valuable work of reference for all those interested in the reclamation of desert lands.

GOLF AT BOURNEMOUTH

The first Amateur Golf Tournament ever held at Bournemouth is scheduled for next week and will run from March 9 until March 21. Ten events will be contested. These are: Event I—36-hole medal competition on handicap for the Bournemouth Rotary Club Challenge Cup. This will be played on March 9 and 10 and will carry several prizes. Event II is an 18-hole medal competition on handicap for the Bournemouth Chamber of Trade Challenge Cup for ladies and will take place on March 11. The following day an exhibition 4-ball match between C. A. Whitcombe and Ernest Whitcombe and A. Compston and A. Mitchell will be held. These events will take place at Meyrick Park. On March 13 and 14 qualifying rounds of the Mayor of Bournemouth's match play competition will be held over 36 holes at Queen's Park. A 36-hole medal competition at Meyrick Park will rank as Event IV and be held on March 16. The next day an 18-hole bogey competition under handicap will be held at Meyrick Park. On March 18 there will be a mixed foursomes competition at Queen's Park. The Mayor of Bournemouth's competition will be played at Queen's Park on these days, the semi-final being played on March 18. On March 19, the final of this event will be played at Queen's Park, and an exhibition match between the Whitcombe brothers and Messrs. Compston and Harry Vardon at Meyrick Park will be held. Event VII—a ladies' 18-hole bogey competition under handicap at Queen's Park will also take place. Event VIII is a 36-hole medal competition at Queen's Park and will be played on March 20, simultaneously with a ladies' foursome competition over 18 holes medal play for two challenge cups at Meyrick Park. A veterans' competition (fifty-five and over) will also be held at Meyrick Park on that day over 18 holes. Event X held on the last day is an 18-hole bogey foursomes competition under handicap at Meyrick Park.

THE GHENT CANDLESTICKS

Mr. Emile Cammaerts sends us the following interesting details regarding the Ghent candlesticks, illustrated in THE SPHERE of January 24:—"The two brass candlesticks in the Church of Saint Bavon in Ghent were designed originally by Benedetto da Ravenzano, a Florentine artist of the sixteenth century. They had been ordered by Henry VIII to decorate his own tomb, and the fact that the sconces were added at a later date seems to prove that they were intended to serve as columns supporting the dais of the tomb. They are 8 ft. 10½ in. in height. After Henry VIII's death the candles remained at Windsor. They were purchased between the years 1653 and 1656 by Antoine Vriest, seventh Bishop of Ghent, having been put up for sale during the Commonwealth. The copies in St. Paul's Cathedral were executed after an attempt to repurchase the originals from the Bishop of Ghent."

THE "DAILY MAIL" IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA

This is an age of greatly accelerated progress, and of a consequent restless striving for new forms and new interpretations in art and architecture, and the Grand Hall feature is intended to convey that dynamic spirit in the modern trend which, in the future, may well find some such varying expression as this feature will illustrate.

The Housing Section, which will occupy the National Hall, has again been given special attention and will include a number of special features in addition to nine houses and bungalows completely erected, equipped and furnished. "The House that Jill Built"—the prize-winning design in a competition for women—which proved so popular in the last exhibition, will have as an interesting sequel "The House that *Jack* Built," a house built from the prize-winning design in a "Daily Mail" competition in which *husbands* are now competing.

Another new feature which will give added interest to the Housing Section, will be Caravan Town—a well-staged display of homes on wheels which are now available for the lover of the nomadic holiday.

The Garden Section in the Annexe will probably gain in colour and beauty by reason of the fact that the exhibition opens later in the Spring than heretofore.

The whole of the Second Floor of the Empire Hall of Olympia will be the scene of an entirely new section devoted to a Pageant of Fashion. The exhibits will be grouped around a specially built Theatre of Fashion in which, at three sessions daily, the creations of fabric manufacturers and the leading designers will be displayed.

The First Floor of the Empire Hall will accommodate four further features of considerable attraction and special interest. One, which will be entitled "Nurseries for all Purses" will stage full-size representations of nurseries designed to meet the varying needs and financial abilities of almost every class of the community. Another will trace the evolution of the decoration and furnishing of the English Dining Room, beginning with the primitive eating place of the Ancient Briton, including the Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman periods, and culminating in a dining-room of ultra-modern design and *décor*. "Famous Rooms from Fiction" will be the subject of yet another new feature, in which rooms described in English literature will be reconstructed so that visitors will be able to see the actual surroundings in which their favourite characters played their parts.

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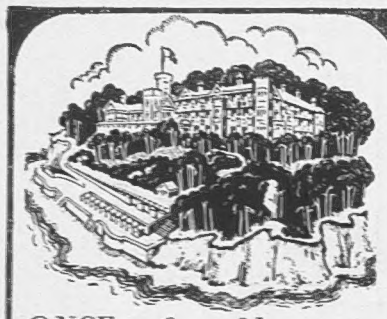

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